

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE STORY OF BLUE FEATHER.
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IHAD a very interesting conversation with one of the old extra men who has been working for several days in the present picture we are producing, *Less Than the Dust*. He is an old Indian of the Cherokee tribe, and several years ago, when I was in California with the Biograph Co., he came to our studio, looking for work.

At that time he was starving—his emaciated face was haggard and drawn, his eyes were sunken in his head and shone like two dull lights. When the director asked him his name, his voice was so weak he could hardly reply "Blue Feather."

"When did you eat last?" the director asked sympathetically.

"For two days I have not touched food," he replied in very good English, with just a shade of the guttural accent of the Indian.

The director hurried him over to the lunch room, where we were all seated and it was pathetic to watch him devour his food in great ravenous mouthfuls without even attempting to chew it. It was fortunate that at that time we were producing a western picture, so he fitted in for two weeks' work, playing the part—and playing it well—of one of the emaciated Indians, who had been turned out of his lands by the white people.

He did not tell us his story then, but today when we were talking, he spoke of the laws of our country which had driven him out.

He had been working on a ranch in northern California for several years and was liked by the ranch owner because of his honesty, faithfulness and ability to work hard. At night he had gone to the little schoolroom on the outskirts of the village, hoping to receive an education which would some day better his position. He married a good-looking, educated squaw, and, as the years went by, there were four or five little papooses.

A wealthy landowner, whose ranch extended over many miles had caught several poachers who were punished by the law. One of them was a friend of Blue Feather, a young boy who had strayed over on the land with a 22 shotgun and killed a rabbit. He

did not understand the English language or the laws of poaching, and he tracked the rabbit for over a mile on to a few feet of the other man's property.

Blue Feather had defended his friend and brought upon his own head the anger of the rich landowner. A few weeks later, the pet dog of one of the little papooses strayed through the fence of the ranch, and Blue Feather, terrified lest he would run down some of the game, had crawled through the fence after him.

He was caught, arrested, and taken to San Francisco, to be tried. For six months he was kept in prison, the trial postponed week after week. In the meantime the wife and children had exhausted their small savings and were dependent almost entirely upon the disinterested bounty of a few farmers' wives.

It is not difficult to find enemies when one is in trouble, so there were many people brought from the village to San Francisco to testify against him and kept there in luxury during the long days of the trial.

Then his friends came and the man he had worked for, and strong and earnest was their defense of him. The jury, vitally interested and touched, acquitted him.

The friends and enemies were sent back by the government to their homes, but the innocent man was penniless.

The jurors, as they watched the bent figure led out of the court room, talked among themselves, for they had overheard one of the white men tell him that his squaw had died and the papooses were sent to a reservation in Arizona.

"Why do they send me away from prison?" he asked them pitifully. "Here I have food and a bed to sleep in. No money—no way to get home—no wife—no children—and innocent! Innocent! When I would rather be guilty."

Each of the jurors contributed a few dollars and gave him enough to return to the village.

A few weeks after that, the farmer he had worked for sold his ranch to go to New York and Blue Feather drifted from one place to another, an outcast, until the great wing of moving pictures took him under its shelter.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

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Tuesday—at home.

We had a very amusing day in our Indian village on Long Island. There were 600 people on the Hindu street this morning, and as the wind blew its cold, fierce breath upon their bare legs there was more activity than usual. Every one was stirred to action and not as sluggish as he had been during the days of last week when the sun beat hot upon us.

There was one old Italian woman of eighty I was very much interested in. She was a picturesque type, scrawny and bent and crooked as a gnarled root. She could speak no English and the Italian interpreter explained to her as best he could that she was supposed to be an old Hindu vender, who squatted in the sunlight and sold rice to the villagers.

The camera was ready. I approached her, gesticulating, smiling, trying to make her understand that I had been fooling before, but that now I wanted really to buy some rice.

"Monies! Monies!"

I opened the palm of my hand and showed her a coin lying there. Her head bobbed in satisfaction and she poured the rice into the bag.

That was my cue. I dove my hands into the rice and started away, but she had been watching me out of the corner of her eye and as I turned on my heel she sprang like a cat and sunk the nails of her ten fingers into my arm. Then, reaching up, she mashed her hands into my hair and hung on.

"She does not understand," the interpreter told Mr. Emerson and me. "She believes she has been brought here to really sell. Her eyes are not very good and she knows nothing of actors or moving pictures. I have told her what she must do, so she is trying to be a good saleslady and earn all the money these foolish Americans are giving her for the same work which only brought her a few pennies on the east side, of New York City."

The part I am playing in the story is that of a little English girl supposed to be a half caste living in India. I am a ragamuffin—an arrogant, impudent youngster, a snapping, fighting and obstreperous little girl who mocks and mimics and knows nothing of discipline, who steals not so much for gain as for the amusement of the other youngsters.

"She would make a very good police-man," I assured them, "and I think I shall hire her myself and have her stand in front of my tent to keep away the inquisitive souvenir hunters."

Now I am afraid of the old lady and make a wide circle around her little rice shop. Thank goodness, the scene had to be taken only once!

Answers to Correspondents.

K. L.—Thank you for your kind letter. Yes, I have met all of the movie actors and actresses you mention. Address Owen Moore, care of Famous Players, and Douglas Fairbanks, care of Triangle Corporation.

Miss E. C. J.—Address Creighton Hale through Pathé. I am unable to give you any personal information regarding him. Doubtless he will answer your letter.

Eugenia P. C.—It is impossible for me to recommend any particular cosmetic through this column. I would advise you asking your druggist to recommend good, standard products.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WE TALK LIGHTLY UPON A SERIES SUBJECT.

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Wednesday afternoon.

THIS morning there were no less than ten demands for donations—in fact, there is hardly a day goes by that some one does not come from a private or municipal charity to ask us for money.

Professional people are known to be the most generous in the world and yet there are very few of us who do not have great responsibilities, primarily of our own—those who are close to us—and then our private charities, to which we give much of our time, thought, inspiration and money.

Ethel Barrymore, George Cohan and I were talking one afternoon about the pleasure of giving. A well-known actress joined us, and, listening for a while to our conversation, spoke with great bitterness of the hundreds of times we are duped and cheated.

"That is why so many deserving cases pass by us," I could not help remarking. "We are caught in the tangled web of the glib-tongued ones. Those who really need us the most endure in silence."

Ethel Barrymore agreed.

"Being a mother, I always think of the little children who often suffer because of their mother's foolish pride. All that I can do for children I am only too eager to, but I make a study of each individual case so that I serve only the deserving.

"My latest charge is a little girl whose mother was arrested for shoplifting. She had used the child as a decoy. When the little one was only six years old, the mother rehearsed her in the role she was to play in public. Then they started out. The ferryboat was their stage and they crossed back and forth from early morning until late at night. The little one—who had a beaming, happy smile—would dance a few little tottering steps to amuse them, then courtesying, would stand looking at the crowd with large, pitiful, asking eyes.

"The strange psychology of it was that a dozen people would reach out

and put a few pennies into the palm of the little hand. Then in one voice they would suggest, 'Little girl, go buy yourself some candy.'

"This was the cue for the child.

"Please," and she dug her toes along the wooden floors, "may I buy bread for my mamma with the money?"

"His last remark plunged to the hearts of the happy philanthropists and the shower of pennies was hidden by a silver shower of dimes and quarters.

"From this clever ruse the mother reaped quite a harvest, until the detectives ordered her to keep away from the ferries.

"The women in the shops were too busy to pay much attention to the child, so the mother became a shoplifter and smuggled the stolen goods up the child's sleeves, under her hat and into her coat.

"When the mother was arrested in one of the large stores, the child—from a wistful-eyed, silent little girl—turned into a frothing fury and squealed with the rage of a rat which a dog has cornered.

"When the detectives stepped forward to take her away, she sprang at them and sank her teeth deep into their arms.

"But at heart she is not really vicious—it had just been her bringing up. She is quick and apt, a natural actress, and was brought to my attention by the matron of the juvenile court. For a few weeks, she pined for her mother, but evidently she had been beaten and forced into the life her mother was leading, because, after awhile, when she saw that others were willing to be kind to her, her whole manner changed. She has become as docile and tractable as a bun-

"I have grown very fond of her, and some day I think I will give her a chance on the stage. These are the only charities I take pleasure in."

George Cohan said nothing. He has probably done more for humanity than any other American actor. In many cases, I know, he has been unhappily disappointed, but it is often the way of the world to turn on its heel when you expect it to understand, and so many times we have wanted to help those who were not even willing to help themselves.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

FASHIONS AND FIFTH AVENUE.
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Monday afternoon.

SATURDAY we worked through
a long, suffocating day in
spite of the oppressive hu-
midity. And, after we had

hurried through our dinner,
we were called back to the studio
and kept there until midnight.

So, you see, you who think that ours
is a bed of roses, how many thorns
there are among them. We are like
a small army of soldiers, always ready

to respond to our general's commands.

And the general, who is either the

producer or the director, not only

commands, but demands, and it makes

no difference whether it is the star

or the extra girl—ours is the respon-

sibility of duty. Those who shift the

responsibility are the ones who never

succeed.

Yesterday we did not have to work,
so we motored into the country. The
skies were cobalt blue and there was
not a cloud visible until the hour of
sunrise, when they drifted in great,
steely banks of flame toward the west.
The rains have made the country
gloriously green and the meadows are
dappled with goldenrod.

Some of the leaves have turned—
there is gold in the maples, and last
night the first messenger of winter
tiptoed across the fields. It was the
frost.

I noticed as I rode along Fifth ave-
nue today that many of the women
are already bundled in their furs and
the shops have discarded the gaudy
colors of summer for the more sober
hues of winter.

No longer will the girls wear their
skirts several inches above their boots,
for Dame Fashion has decreed they
shall be long, even to the ankle. The
fur coats which were very short last
year are to be worn three-quarter
lengths.

But the hats vary in size and color.
I noticed in some of the smart shops
there seemed to be a tendency toward
the poke bonnet, while others ex-
ploited the sombrero and the broad-
brimmed sailor.

Anita Stewart and I were talking
not long ago about the disappointment
of wearing the latest fashion styles
in pictures.

"Sometimes," she lamented, "I pay
ridiculous prices for novelty gowns,

hats, and even parasols or purses.
During the taking of a picture I feel
very smart, but alas! It is not re-
leased for months and months. By
the time the picture reaches the
screen, the styles have come and gone,
and they often credit us poor moving
picture actresses with being dowdy."

"That is where I have the advan-
tage over you," I laughed. "There
isn't a radical change in the ragged
costumes I wear. They are just as
unfashionable in May as they are in
November. And overalls, I can assure
you, are worn all the year around."

This afternoon I met Clara Kimball
Young and Alice Brady, who had also
been shopping, storing up like beavers
their winter supplies. Clara had just
come from one of the Fifth avenue
furriers and had ordered a beautiful
silver fox set.

"The blue fox is getting very
scarce," Alice Brady told us. "I just
bought a couple of unusually beauti-
ful skins. Beaver is to be worn again
this year, and long ermine capes with-
out any tails on them."

As we sauntered along, we stopped
again to gaze into a furrier's window.
There in corner was a stock of chinchilla.
Each skin was \$25—the cost of a collar and cuffs would be no less
than four hundred.

"My mother was telling me the
other day that when she was a little
girl she was given a long chinchilla
cape and muff. It was then con-
sidered a great luxury and the neigh-
bors thought her family foolishly ex-
travagant to spend \$75 on just a
young girl," Clara told us.

This attracted our attention to a
little set of children's furs—beaver
and ermine.

"Do you remember how proud we
were of a little bit of rabbit skin?"
I laughed as I reminded them. "And
then it was probably cat!"

"Or poodle dog or Angora," inter-
rupted Clara Kimball Young. "I re-
member strutting past the school two
or three times so that all the chil-
dren could see. But now—now the
youngsters seem to be proud of noth-
ing unless it is ermine or Russian
sable!"

So many of the women who read
this column have written to ask about
the fashions. I would be very glad
to look up any question of dress for
them any time they request it.

"Any scars left from the adventures?"
I dared to ask.

"Yes, and a very deep one," he re-
plied. "Not flesh wounds, but more serious
than that—the loss of a perfectly
good new winter suit!"

"From the tailor's I telephoned to the
studio to see if I was wanted, and the
director's irate reply was: 'Yes, you
have been wanted for the last three
hours.' So I lost no time in hurrying over
there."

"I found that the scene was ready for
me. Perhaps you remember it in the
'Iron Claw' series—in the ninth episode,
where I was forced to get into a bathtub
and turn on the water and was made to
sit there until it overflowed.

"You don't expect me to get in that
tub with this suit on," I solicited Director
Jose.

"Of course I do—we haven't time to
wait for you to change," and the director
ordered me to get into the set.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1916.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

CREIGHTON HALE.

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The first time I saw Creighton Hale on
the screen was in "The Exploits of
Elaine," but I did not meet him until
he came to the Famous Players' studio
to be the leading man for Louise Huff in
"The Old Homestead."

Mr. Hale was born in England and
comes from a family of theatrical stars.
His father, several well-known English
actors told me, was one of the favorites
of the English theaters. So, you see, it
is a case of "like father, like son."

"I was just a little lad when I went on
the stage first," Creighton Hale told me,
but modesty forbade his adding that so
great was his ability and so quickly was
it recognized that he soon became con-

nected with Lady Forbes-Robertson's
company in "The Dawn of Tomorrow"
and came to America with the show. He
had remained here ever since and has
become one of the most popular of the
young screen actors.

"How did you happen to get into pictures?" I asked him. He laughed.
"I had been wanting to get into them
long before I was invited," he replied. "I
was playing in 'Indian Summer,' a
Broadway attraction under the late
Charles Frohman, when I met a Pathé
director who told me he would give me
a chance to see how I looked on the
screen.

"After seeing the test, I wondered how
they had the nerve to engage me, but
such was my good fortune, and I doubt
if I will ever want to return to the
stage. It is the natural life, the active,
out-of-door life, in spite of its hard-
ships."

"I suppose you have had many inter-
esting experiences?" I asked him.

"Interesting and dangerous," he re-
plied.

It wasn't difficult to imagine that one
had many adventures in the taking of
pictures such as "The Exploits of
Elaine."

"After an energetic serial like that, the
mere facing of an enemy in battle looks
calm and tranquil. I don't think I would
be afraid of anything now."

"Any scars left from the adventures?"
I dared to ask.

"Yes, and a very deep one," he re-
plied. "Not flesh wounds, but more serious
than that—the loss of a perfectly
good new winter suit!"

"From the tailor's I telephoned to the
studio to see if I was wanted, and the
director's irate reply was: 'Yes, you
have been wanted for the last three
hours.' So I lost no time in hurrying over
there."

"I found that the scene was ready for
me. Perhaps you remember it in the
'Iron Claw' series—in the ninth episode,
where I was forced to get into a bathtub
and turn on the water and was made to
sit there until it overflowed.

"You don't expect me to get in that
tub with this suit on," I solicited Director
Jose.

"Of course I do—we haven't time to
wait for you to change," and the director
ordered me to get into the set.

MARY PICKFORD.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1916.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

STUDIO LIFE.

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Saturday.
This morning a group of little children
held court at the studio, as theatrical
children always do, demanding to be the
center of attraction. "Little wiseacres"
I always call them, for, living around
with grown-ups and playing roles which
are often too old or too young for them,
they acquire an artificiality which is very
amusing.

Mr. William Farnum and his director
happened to be taking scenes very near
our location today and they came visiting.
The children were very much interested
in Mr. Farnum because they had
seen him on the screen and thought him
a great hero.

"Of course he only acts the parts," a
philosopher of nine remarked, who had
not been acquainted with the fact that
Farnum was standing in back of him.
"There's no telling whether he's a hero
or not off the screen. Pa says he al-
ways has his doubts about 'em—so've I."

"You have, have you, young fellow?"
And a great, strong hand reached over
and grasped the youngster by the nape
of the neck, turning him around.

"Oh, gee!" said the young actor,
shrinking into his clothes like a turtle
into his shell. "Where did YOU come
from?"

"That's what you get for talking about
some one behind his back." And Mr. Far-
num tweaked his ear, lifting him up on
his shoulder and patting his head af-
fectionately, for there is no one who
cares for youngsters more than he.

"I've a very dear friend who also bears
the Christian name of William," he told
me, and he is very proud of his little
heir, Frederick. "Frederick the Great,"
his grandfather calls him. When Fred-
erick's third birthday arrived, it was de-
cided that the small boy should discard
petticoats for which he had a particular
distaste, and graduate into the grown-up
costume of knickerbockers. His mother,
in honor of the memorable occasion,
served a birthday cake and led her son
to the seat of grace.

"Now," she exclaimed. "You are a lit-
tle man!" Frederick drew himself up
proudly and turned to his mother, asking
in a stage whisper, "And can I call pa
Bill—now?"

We had several thrilling experiences
this afternoon. In one of the big mob
scenes an actor became suddenly panic-
stricken and jumped off one of the high
balconies on to the ground, breaking both
arms and his collar bone.

The director had told him very calmly
all he had to do was to lean over the
balcony and cry out to the English sol-
diers passing below. But under the stress
of the moment, when Mr. Emerson called
his orders through a megaphone, instead
of leaning over the balcony, he leaped
three feet out from it and fell in a crum-
pled heap on the ground, narrowly miss-
ing the bayonet of one of the soldiers.

The women screamed and fainted, and
for a second pandemonium broke loose.

Unfortunately, I was standing there,
gazing at the balcony when it happened,
and I cannot describe my feelings as I
saw him climbing up on the balustrade,
balancing for a few seconds, then spring-
ing into the air. Some of them thought
he had attempted a spectacular suicide,
but when we visited the poor boy in the
hospital tent, he confided that this was
the first time he had ever worked in a
picture and that he had been so wrought
up and nervous for fear he would not do
what he was told to do that he completely
lost his head.

You who sit in the theatre and watch
the pictures without ever having been to

Answers to Correspondents.

R. W.—Thank you for your entertaining
and encouraging letter. I will remember
your suggestions and build articles around
them when I have the opportunity.

Robert S.—I fancy you misunderstood
my remark at the convention. I do not
expect to return to the stage within the
next several years, but hope to do so at
some future date.

R. B.—Sessue Hayakawa is with the
Lasky Company and has appeared in
several productions, the most notable
being "The Cheat" and "Alien Souls."

T. C.—Thank you for your verses,
which were really very excellent, and
which I have pasted into my scrapbook.

E. P.—Thank you for your suggestions,
and when I am able I will write articles
along those lines. I am very glad you
enjoy my talks.

F. W.—I shall get the book you wrote
or and see if it would make a good play
for me. Thank you for the suggestion
as well as your interesting letter.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.—EDNA MAYO.

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Edna Mayo, who is leading lady with Essanay, has introduced an innovation in photoplay work. She is doing what William Farnum told me he is ambitious to do, learning her parts just as one would do for the speaking stage.

Although I have met Miss Mayo often, we have had no thrilling experiences together, so I must tell you a little story that was told me by a newspaper man who went to interview her in Chicago the other day. He had heard that Miss Mayo was the best dressed woman on the screen, and had made up his mind that there should be several paragraphs in his interview which would please the women—he would describe at length her costume.

But when he was ushered on the floor of the Essanay studio, there was Miss Mayo, dressed as Eve, sitting on a trunk and powdering her nose with a powder puff! For he had snatched an interval between the scenes in "The Return of Eve," while she was preparing for the dramatic situation in which she tempts Adam with the apple.

She stooped to disentangle a snake which insisted on coiling at her feet—an honest-to-goodness snake, six feet long.

"I edged away," the newspaper man told me, "but Miss Mayo, absolutely unaffected, stroked its head."

"I used to hate snakes, until this one was forced upon me," she said, taking a final dab at her nose with the powder puff. "But now I do not mind them at all and this one has become quite a pet of the studio."

"She turned from her looking glass to me with that charming smile of hers. 'Can you wait a few minutes?' she asked, 'for the part is rather difficult and I want to do my best.'

"So I waited, sitting on a hard, long wooden bench, unbacked and unvarnished, thinking how uncomfortable it was until the clicking of the merciless cameras began. Then I forgot all about myself and thought only of how interesting it is to watch pictures in the making. It was dreadfully trying, that scene; over and over again they rehearsed it, because the serpent was not such a good actor as they had expected and refused to take orders.

"I enjoy this part more than any other I have ever played," Miss Mayo expressed herself, "for there is a novelty about it which stamps it as original."

"She was all dimples and smiles as she shook back her wealth of golden hair which reached to her knees.

"To be the first woman who ever lived—you can imagine how I glory in this role, for never before have I felt the wonderful power of that story of Genesis. Now I have lived it. I know what Eden is and I also know how terrible it must have been to be thrown out

MARY PICKFORD.

Thomas B.—Thank you for your nice, interesting, encouraging letter. Why not write to Pauline Frederick direct, care Famous Players? Jean Sothern's address is International Film Co., 2 Columbus Circle, New York City.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.—JULIEN ELTINGE.

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The first time I met Julien Eltinge was at a dinner party given by Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock, in Los Angeles. Charlie Chaplin was there—without his big feet, but with his droll sense of humor; Mr. David Griffith, Mack Sennett, owner of the Keystone Producing Company, and Mabel Normand.

It was one of the most amusing parties I have ever enjoyed, for Mr. Eltinge entertained us by telling of his early life at college and how he happened to become the greatest female impersonator in the world.

"In those days I was just plain 'Bill'—in fact, I am always 'Bill' to my friends—until the fatal evening during the production of a college play in which I was asked to impersonate a woman. I had always been very athletic and was built of iron, but my bones and muscles were flexible, so I had little difficulty in allowing myself to be clinched into corsets and all the paraphernalia that goes with the dressing of a fashionable woman.

They found a wig for me and when I appeared upon the stage, all the professors and some of the college boys, who were not let in on the secret, gasped with amazement and thought some actress had been smuggled into college for the play.

"That was the beginning of a long series of comedies in which I appeared as a woman. Then came offers from the theatrical managers. Terrified lest my father and mother should know that during one vacation I appeared in vaudeville, I took the name of a college chum, Julien Eltinge, and under these false colors I sailed into the theatrical world—around it and never out of it!"

Mr. Eltinge did not mention the story I am going to confide to you, but it is one of the colossal jokes of Broadway and too good to keep. It seems that a very wealthy man of sixty, who had followed the strait and narrow path for many years, was invited by some gay New York friends to a dinner party at the Club. There

were red, white and sparkling wines served him—and sparkling, white and red wines—until he forgot he was sixty and suggested to the younger men that they "do" New York.

By "doing" New York, he meant to drop in on the last act of Broadway's best play, then after the show to pause for a bottle of wine at Sherry's and Rector's, until it was time for the Midnight Follies. One of the gentlemen of his club, a staid old friend, reminded him that it had been fifteen years since he had crossed the threshold of the theater, but nothing could stop him now!

The "best play" meant "The College Widow," and when the elderly gentleman from his box caught a glimpse of the beautiful Eltinge, he expressed his admiration in exaggerated compliments. One of the men smiled, a very knowing smile, which escaped the focussed gaze of the elderly gentleman.

N. W.—William Farnum has played in the following films: "The Redemption of David Carson," "The Sign of the Cross," "Samson," "The Gilded Fool," "The Nigger," "The Unbroken Law," and "A Soldier's Oath."

B. T.—Sessue Hayakawa has appeared in "The Wrath of the Gods," "The Cheat," "The Typhoon," "The Clue," "The Secret Sin," "Alien Souls" and "After Five Years." Tsuru Aoki is his wife.

A. M. E.—Anita Stewart played the leading role in "He Never Knew." Mary Moore was Fifi Hampton in "Under Southern Skies."

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

PERSONALITIES I HAVE MET.—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

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One of the many attractions of Douglas Fairbanks—and you who have seen him in pictures can easily understand it—is that the man of him has never lost sight of the boy of him. He can never be sixty because he will be eternally sixteen; in fact, there are times when he is quite as young as the heir of the Douglas Fairbanks family, a husky, nervy little chap of six.

The other evening the guests of the Algonquin Hotel were aroused by a burglar alarm, and for a moment pandemonium broke loose through the halls and in the rooms on the south side of the building. The loudest murmur came to himself that city folks didn't have nuthin' on them, nohow—that Doug was a regular feller and if Doug ate with his knife, all the consarned conventions could blow to the winds—they were in for a bully good feed and a peacheroo of a time."

There are so many stories to tell about Douglas Fairbanks one scarcely knows where to begin; of his generosity, his kind heart and his love for humanity, which is reflected in that genial smile of his.

Elsie Janis gave a party at the Rialto Theater and we all went to see "Manhattan Madness," his latest picture, laughing like foolish children over the antics of the Westerner who came to New York to compare "God's country" with the city of sky scrapers. If you are in a somber, gray mood, do not miss this picture; it will give you an hour of pleasure and pleasant memories.

Answers to Correspondents.

E. T.—Ida Schnall plays the stellar role in the recent release of "Undine." You are right—there was a version of "Undine" released about four years ago.

F. P.—Tom Moore is with Pathé and Owen Moore is with Famous Players. Mary Fuller played the title role in "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots."

N. M.—In "Fanchon, the Cricket," Jack Standing played the role of "Laundry" and I played the role of Fanchon. Victor Sutherland played the role of "Paul" in "One Day."

Henrietta R.—The role of Jo, in "The Awakening" was played by Anita Stewart. Mary Moore played the part of the sister-in-law in "The Great Divide," in which House Peters and Ethel Clayton played the leading roles.

D. S.—If you have a moving picture plot, write it as concisely and clearly as possible into synopsis form, and have it typewritten, on one side of the paper only. Address it to the Scenario Department of any reputable film company, enclosing stamps for return of the manuscript.

E. C.—Alice Joyce is again playing in pictures, and can be addressed care of the Vitagraph Co. The first picture in which she will appear is "The Battle Cry of War."

MARY PICKFORD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

SUNLIGHT AND SHADOWS AT THE STUDIO.

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THE picture we have been producing is completed, the last of the scenes are taken, and while we have been working very hard for 12 weeks, I was almost sorry today when our director, Mr. Emerson, called us and told us that we need not report for duty tomorrow morning.

I have written about the magnificent street set we erected representing a Hindu village, but I have not described the temple, built on another acre of ground. Looking at it hidden there among the trees with a beautiful pool of water reflecting it, one could hardly believe it was on Long Island and not in India—that some ancient genii had not whisked us on an enchanted rug across the emerald seas.

It is unfortunate that the audience must be denied the color, as I have never seen anything more beautiful in my life than the natives with their polished ebony bodies, walking up the steps of the temple, kneeling at prayer in the purple shadow, or bathing in the sacred pool and splashing the water which sparkled in the sunlight.

I, playing the part of a half caste girl, who was "less than the dust" in the eyes of both the natives and the white people, had a scene where I slid down a wall and splashed into the pool.

So seriously had the Hindoos we engaged for the picture taken the scene that once in the pool, they forgot to be only actors and were murmuring their alarming incantations. When I actually did tumble in among them and the Hindu professor who translated the words of the director urged hem to surround me, I was almost frightened by the wild expressions on their faces; in fact, one of the Hindoos who had never heard of a camera and had only been an immigrant a few weeks, sank his fingers into my flesh and tore at my dress.

Nor could they make him understand, once he had been told that I was an unbeliever and had sinned against his religion. After two or three rehearsals, afraid he might do some bodily harm to me, they ordered him away from the pool under the watchful eyes of one of the property men.

Although it was only an hour's ride from New York, several hundred extra people who were employed on the scenes could not afford the expensive trip and during the impending car strikes, we built a little city of tents. At night it was a strange sight—the lanterns, the voices, the people cooking their suppers on old fashioned camp stoves. Traveling across the skies in an aeroplane and looking down upon us, we must have looked more like Coxey's army than a moving picture encampment.

At night we took scenes along the streets, lighted by torches which the property men held in their hands. These torches resembled Roman candles, and those that burned about a minute and a half cost \$30 a dozen, while those which burned two minutes cost \$40. In one night alone we used \$2,000 worth of these torches.

The last night, our favorite property boy, named Van, was given orders to hold one of the torches, standing on a balcony over the crowd of two or three hundred people, mobbing the street below him.

Sometimes the powder in the torches is caked and causes explosions. During the scene, we heard a loud report, but did not realize what had happened. The torch which Van was holding had exploded, tearing the flesh off his arm and hand, mutilating it terribly. His first thought was to drop the torch, but he knew there was a chance of its exploding a second time among the people, probably setting a dozen dresses on fire and wounding as many more, so in spite of his terrible suffering, he held on, praying the danger was past.

A second terrible explosion shook the building and when we picked the poor boy up, the flesh was taken off a side of his face and he lay unconscious, his lacerated, bleeding hand still clutching the torch.

We all went to the hospital to see him, but for hours we waited outside the door of his room, the nurse coming out once in a while to report upon his condition.

"He may live," the surgeon told us, "but he may lose his sight."

Not a sound or complaint came from the poor boy, whose fortitude would bring tears to your eyes, but now he is fast recovering and his eyes are not seriously injured.

This is only one of many tragedies of pictures, of which the public seldom hears.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WHEN HERR JULIUS MET THE ENGLISH OFFICERS.

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TODAY Mr. Emerson, the director, who produced *Less Than Dust*, called me into one of the great offices of the studio and showed me 25,000 feet of film.

That was the picture and out of it he and his assistants would destroy everything which was unnecessary to the development of the story, and select 7,000 feet, cutting it and binding it and making of it the finished product.

I have known some directors who have taken 40,000 feet of film during the making of a feature production, 35,000 of it to be discarded.

It is a long, tiresome task, for the film must be shown over and over again, as often a director takes one scene five and six times. He and his assistant watch the running of this film in the projecting room and pick out the most perfect feet of negative, both in quality and in action.

Sometimes it almost seems impossible when a director has eight or nine thousand feet, to cut it down to five or six thousand, and all the intelligent minds of the studio are called into the cutting room to make their suggestions. Many times we hate to sacrifice the scenes which we have worked so hard over, but it is well that so many angels of the drama are photographed, as long-planned-for episodes are sometimes neutral on the screen and other little incidental, spontaneous bits of acting are so impressive that we rejoice because the director's dramatic instinct had prompted it.

David Powell, a well-known English actor, was my leading man in this picture, and a week or so ago he enjoyed a very amusing little adventure. Near our encampment was a rambling German inn. Mr. Powell, who plays the part of an English army officer with several of the young American actors in the costumes of English officers, wandered over to the German inn in search of atmosphere—and beer!

As they swaggered into the grill, the little proprietor, Julius Krauss, serving his customers, turned around and gasped, open-eyed and open-mouthed at the uniform of the allies.

"Gott in Himmel!" he ejaculated.

The American boys were unconscious of the drama stirring the patriotic heart of Julius Krauss, but Mr.

Powell, an Englishman, appreciated it. "Vot you doing in here?" Mr. Krauss demanded.

Mr. Powell leaned over and whispered to Frank Losee.

"Don't let him hear my English accent. Frank—you tell him."

"Six beers and liverwurst sandwiches," Mr. Losee replied in strong American nasal tones.

"Julius Krauss serving beer mit English? Nein! Nein! Ich kann nicht—Ich kann nicht—Heraus mit you! Heraus!"

The American boys all laughed but the German proprietor grew angrier and angrier.

"Heraus before I trow you yet!" and he swung a chair over his head.

Then Mr. Losee calmed him, explaining that they were only moving picture actors in the guise of the English invading army. Mr. Powell alone remained silent. By that strange trick of fate, he was the one to whom Julius Krauss took a liking, serving him the largest Stein set upon the table and treating him to a choice cigar.

"Iss he deaf and dumb?" Julius Krauss whispered to one of the others; and then David Powell confessed. But it was too late; though he tried to be angry with the world, the actor and himself, the jovial little German found it too difficult a task, and though they never discussed war, these two became very fast friends, Julius Krauss coming often to the studio to watch the taking of the most interesting scenes.

And now before I forget it, I must write about the old resident of Whitestone for 82 years, who afforded us much amusement. According to his own statement, he was a "roman-tick old cuss," who wabbled across the road to where we were working, in hopes of finding a "good looking young gal" who would be willing to marry him.

"He'd a chance a couple of years ago to marry a widder," he informed me, "but wuz handicapped by rheumatiz thet winter and hed to break my marriage off. She tired of waitin' and up and marreid Silas Pinters, but I've been sorry ever sence I never tuk her up on it"—and here he came very close to whisper in my ear—"she hed a leetle money."

Some one that afternoon told him I was getting a very comfortable salary, and, lo and behold! when we two were left alone without a chaperon, old Uncle Ezekial proposed!

So you see we do have our romances, we moving picture actresses!

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1916.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

BEHIND THE SCENES.

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Mr. Charles Dillingham invited me to hand, "but he can diagram, dissect and produce a laugh quicker than any other comedian on the stage."

Our conversation was interrupted by a group of the show girls standing behind us. I do not remember seeing twelve girls more beautiful in figure, face and even voice. Two of the girls were complaining because their parts had been cut down and were not large enough to suit their prima donna tastes, and from one word of dissension there arose a volume of angry, discordant voices, their words sounding like the hissing of hot irons when tested with moist finger tips.

Frank Tinney, the famous black-face comedian, was there without makeup, and as I smiled at his "good-looking, young face, I thought what a pity it is that it has to be hidden by grease paint. There were two or three very handsome leading men trying out for the stellar male role, and the usual gawky, terrified young school girls with their proud mammas, singing their little songs before Mr. Dillingham in the hope that he would be as impressed as the family by the girl's voice and give her a chance for a small part in the show.

In a few weeks they will be ready for the dress rehearsal, and I am invited. Surely I will not miss going, for I am eager to write about it in two or three articles—just for you, who have never been behind the scenes prior to the opening night of a New York production.

Answers to Correspondents.

"A Friend"—I am sorry that your letter about the masquerade costume did not reach me in time to send you the address. I should think kid curlers would be best for your hair. Dampen your hair before putting it up on the curlers, and it will curl better and keep the curl longer.

F. B. C.—Miriam Cooper was the girl who played Margaret Cameron in "The Birth of a Nation." She also plays an important part in D. W. Griffith's last great picture, "Intolerance."

Mildred H.—Thank you for your suggestion. I have written on Hazel Dawn and Marguerite Clark, and no doubt you will have read the articles by the time this comes to your attention.

B. C.—Look in your telephone directory for studios in your vicinity. You can address Dustin Farnum care of Pallas Producing Company, Los Angeles, Cal. I should think you could get into moving pictures if you photograph well, have the ability to act and will work hard and persistently.

"Two Cherubs"—Thank you for your commendation. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are not married to each other. Marshall Neilan is with Lasky Company, directing Blanche Sweet. Pauline Frederick is not married. I will follow your suggestions as far as possible in writing on the "Personalities."

MARY PICKFORD

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THROUGH THE STAGE DOOR.

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Tuesday. This was a shopping day—a hat day, fur-selecting, pattern-suggesting day. For the onrush of winter had tucked all the summer dresses into the trunks and brought out last year's furs to be remodeled into new ones.

As I go from shop to shop, I appreciate how much more sensible the styles are. A woman can now wear almost anything that is becoming to her and still be chic. Instead of the fashion law saying, "You MUST wear long skirts or bodices and large sleeves," it tells a woman to choose the most effective and economical styles. She now creates her own individuality—it is not thrust upon her.

The pictures I play in very seldom call for anything but simple gowns, and as the hours of my workaday world are long, I do not have the opportunity of making a study of fashions. But I am so delighted with this season's fashions that I shall take more pleasure in them than I have ever done before.

Speaking of fashions, the Dolly sisters are among the best-groomed women in New York. They wear very trim little gowns and hats, but never dress alike. For my part, I think I could enjoy them better if they would wear labels on their sleeves, as I told you previously my amusing experience before I knew they were twins.

This afternoon I dropped in to see them at the old Belasco Theater, now called the Republic. I thought as I opened the door to the stage entrance of how many times my footsteps had echoed down the long corridors in the past, when I played there in "The Warrens of Virginia" and later in "The Good Little Devil."

Some one seized hold of my hand as I was hurrying through the darkness. It was dear old "Pop," as we call him, the doorman who has been with Mr. Belasco ever since he came to New York.

"Mine little buttercup—joost a little baby!" This is what he called me years ago, and I can tell you in confidence that it is also what he says to me now! "Just a sweet kidlets," and he chuckled to himself. "Do you remember, mine Betty, the time when old Pop used to warm your frozey little fingers on winter nights?"

"And bring me bottles of milk when you thought I was hungry!"

He smiled reflectively as he knocked on the door of the dressing-room marked "Star." "Never could old Pop forget little buttercup—never!" he murmured, his hand closing over mine.

Think of the comedy and drama, how many tears and how much laughter, dear old Pop, who is beloved by all, has heard and seen during a lifetime in the little world of the theater!

The Dolly sisters have a very attractive dressing-room and I spent a humorous half hour with them. They are so animated, so dancing with life, and as they both talk at once, saying almost exactly the same things with their delightful little accent, I am quite bewildered and feel like a marionette on a revolving platform—whirled around at a dizzying rapidity.

This is a bewildering season. Almost every night there has been an opening. I have enjoyed them all, especially William Collier in "Nothing but the Truth." He has set a fashion—it is no longer the "art of lying," but "the science of telling the truth."

We tried it at the Elsie Janis house party, and if some one had not fibbed in time, the whole party might have ended disastrously. Do you realize how many little untruths we tell an hour? How timid we are when we are asked our opinions and how difficult it is to look them squarely in the eyes and not fear to be just and loyal to our convictions?

In the truth-telling game there were many feelings hurt. One of the girls spoke about her new hat. It was on the lips of almost all of us to say, "How becoming!".....but it really wasn't.....I

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WE DISCUSS HOMELY FACES.

Tuesday, 1916, by The McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Thursday.

I do not know when I have seen a hat more unbecoming.

"Do you like it?" she asked expectantly, forgetting for a moment the truth game we were playing. Our lips curled into a smile, then we all stopped short and looked at each other. The smile died out of her eyes.

"You don't like it?" and the question was convicting. The game forced us to admit the truth, and today there is one milliner on Fifth Avenue who will be obliged to take back an unbecoming hat for one of another style!

Answers to Correspondents.

S. R.—I shall read the book you recommend so highly, which you think will make a splendid photoplay, and thank you for the suggestion.

Friendly—I was born in Toronto, Canada, but have lived in the United States ever since I was a little girl. Both my mother and father were Irish.

Ella Deane—Thank you for your suggestions, which I will try to use in future articles. Glad to note you are from Canada, too, but know you will love the United States as I do.

K. M.—I did not know that children were not admitted to see the picture referred to. Are you not thinking of the law which excludes children from a theatre unless accompanied by a relative or guardian?

Josephine B.—Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne are announced to appear shortly in "Romeo and Juliet." You can address J. Warren Kerrigan at Universal City, California.

E. C.—I am very careful what hair tonics I use. If your hair is falling out, I would advise you to see a specialist.

MARY PICKFORD.

"When she came to me she staggered into the room, and I, not realizing the girl was hungry, thought she was slightly intoxicated. At first I was repelled, but there was something in her great, haunting eyes which made me give her a chance. She sang, a very simple little cradle song, but I do not believe I ever heard a more beautiful voice on this continent.

"Do you think there is any hope for me?" she asked pitifully when the song was finished. I turned slowly and looked at her thin, emaciated face; her small, sunken eyes; the wisps of straggly hair which could be seen under an unbecoming hat, and her ugly, bloated lips drawn over crooked white teeth.

"I know what you are thinking of," and she looked me squarely in the eyes. "You are sorry that such a song must be given to a bird of ugly plumage. But I am grateful to you," she added quickly. "You have at least given me a chance."

"For two or three days I could think of no one but the singer, and at last I found a position for her. She was to be the veiled songstress in 'Kismet'. The public should hear her voice, but her face would be hidden.

"She had promised to be at my office on Wednesday afternoon, but she did not come. Thursday I tried to telephone her, but there was no telephone in the cheap lodging house where she was living. Thursday night I sent a messenger boy with a letter from me, telling her of her good fortune. In about an hour the boy returned.

"Did you see her?" I asked. "Yes sir," he nodded his eyes wide with horror. "She was dead."

"Dead?" I echoed.

"Yes, sir. The landlady says she was looking for a message for three or four days. She must have got tired of waiting, because when they were all down to dinner she turned on the gas."

"But I sent a letter," I murmured, half to myself, feeling almost as if I were responsible for the death of this girl. It was true. I had sent a letter—but to the wrong address. Half an hour after the news reached me of the girl's death, the letter was returned through the mail."

"That is a very depressing story," I told Miss Dressler.

"But it carries a great lesson," she replied. "I heard this story when I was a young, discouraged girl in New York, and I made up my mind I would conquer self—and in the conquering I have attained position, promise and happiness."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY.

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Saturday.

TODAY I went over to the Famous Players' studio and watched my brother Jack being directed in a scene taken from the famous book by Booth Tarkington, *Seventeen*. It was only this week that we were reading the book aloud at home, and how we laughed at the comedy of Willie Baxter.

"It makes me think of my childhood," mother reminisced, but Lottie and I spoke between giggles of the days when Jack played pranks upon us and tormented us just as Willie did his little sister Jane.

"Do you remember when Jack introduced Bobbie Harron to me many years ago?" I reminded Lottie. We all burst into laughter.

"Indeed, I could never forget it!"

I had seen this young boy talking to Jack at the Biograph studio on the day of his arrival there, and that evening I had asked Jack about him. There followed a long and glowing description of him—he guessed he was pretty clever, he had been doing some fine work on the screen—but there was one unfortunate thing about him.

Here Lottie and I leaned over eagerly to hear what it was.

Fibbed Jack, "He is as deaf as a post!"

"No!" we exclaimed. "Isn't that pathetic!" And mother joined in the chorus, pitying this good-looking young boy for his unfortunate ailment.

The next morning Jack was talking to him again, but as it was in the distance I did not notice that Jack was making no stupendous efforts to converse at the top of his lungs.

I discovered later that what he was saying at the very moment I had my eye on him was, "Yes, that girl with the long blonde curls is my sister Mary. They say she's quite a little actress—but I guess you've heard about the trouble she has with her ears."

"No!" exclaimed Bobbie Harron, his eyes as round as saucers. "What is the matter with her?"

"She is as deaf as a post," replied Jack, guilty. "I own a really actorish emotion. I'll introduce you, but you'll have to shout at the top of your lungs."

Fifteen minutes later I sauntered over and joined the group.

"This is my sister Mary," Jack introduced in loud, strident tones, which echoed far across the studio.

We shook hands rather silently.

Then, filling my lungs with air, I bellowed into Bobby Harron's ear, "I AM VERY PLEASED TO MEET YOU!"

He drew away from me as if he had been shot. Then, blinking his eyes, catching his breath and filling his lungs with air, he shouted in return, "I am very pleased to meet YOU!"

Both of us were so exhausted after the ordeal that for two or three minutes we said nothing. I remember standing there, digging my toe into the earth.

"I have seen you in pictures," he shouted again, "and liked you very much!"

Again I blinked my eyes and turned away, wishing some one had told the poor deaf boy, who could not hear his own voice, how loud he talked. And Bobby, so he afterward confessed, was thinking the same thing about me, putting his hand to his throat and rubbing the strained muscles which ached from the effort of shouting.

Three minutes more passed while we stood there gaping at each other. Then Lottie walked over and joined us. Screeching so that even Mr. Griffith could hear me in his office, I introduced Lottie to Bobbie Harron! But what was my astonishment when Bobbie and Lottie smiled as they greeted each other and in very low, normal tones, spoke of having been introduced an hour before.

"You must speak loud—the poor boy is deaf and cannot hear," I told Lottie. This I did not even try to whisper.

Here Bobbie Harron looked from me to Jack and from Jack to me, and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter—while Jack saw it was time for him to make a swift exit.

"I don't know of any household so lonely as a home without a boy in it," remarked a sentimental young lady whose life had not been tormented by teasing brothers. I looked at her rather cynically—but I guess she's right!

I have been very busy the last two or three days, getting my costumes ready for the next picture. It is always so exciting, especially if I play the part of a little girl in another country. You do not know how much studying we have to do to learn the customs and mannerisms of other races.

As soon as we are ready to start, I will tell you more about our play, for if you follow the pages of my diary you will have to read often of the activity of my studio days. Do not forget you have promised to write and tell me the subjects you are interested in—it will be a great help to me.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A LIVING DEATH—Part I.

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Wednesday.
This has been a very long, busy day for selecting the cast for our next picture, and the director and I have interviewed at least one hundred people, watching and studying for a clever artist or an unusual type.

Just as I was leaving the studio, my secretary told me that a strange little woman was waiting outside.

"I am very, very tired," I gave orders. "She will have to return tomorrow."

My secretary stood there a few moments while I opened the letter brought by the woman, then walked back to where she was waiting.

"But I cannot return tomorrow," she replied simply. "I will not have enough money to make this trip across the ferry."

The secretary was embarrassed as the steadfast gaze of the woman's sunken eyes held her. "She must see me."

While this conversation was going on I had read the letter. It was from an American actress in England, a woman who had played in the same company with me when we were traveling on the road.

"I cannot tell you her story," ran one paragraph, "but when you hear it you will help her."

Afraid that my secretary had obeyed orders and sent her away, I hurried after her. "Forgive me," I apologized as I held out my hand.

She took it, simply pressing my fingers, and we walked back into the office where we could be alone.

"I am desperately in need of work," she told me.

"Have you had any experience?" I asked.

She shook her head. "None."

I sighed and turned away. They do not know how difficult it is for us to place them in pictures when they know nothing of the exacting technique of the camera. She was not pretty—she was what I would call a "gray dove" of a woman, with a small, oval face, transparent skin, deep-set eyes and very black hair, which she wore brushed from her forehead. Her lips were thin and drawn like those of one who has suffered much, and knew from the nervous trembling of her hands that some great tragedy had come into her life.

It was nearly dusk before she told me her story. One by one the actors had left the studio. The sun had disappeared behind a silhouette of trees, and I could see the twinkling lights in the windows opposite, but so stirred was I that I could not interrupt her, and I listened tensely.

It was a story of the war. Two years ago she had been living with her parents on a pretty little farm in southern England. Her father was a prosperous farmer and had been able to send her two brothers through college.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A LIVING DEATH—Part II.

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Yesterday I began the story of the English woman whose two brothers and young husband had gone to the war. First a letter came saying that the older brother was among those missing; then a telegram that the younger boy had been killed in a fall from an aeroplane. But there was no word received from her husband. No doubt he had written many letters, but they had been lost.

Ever since her sixteenth birthday she had been betrothed to a young London barrister, and they had planned a beautiful wedding for the spring, two years ago. He was a tall, broad shouldered, handsome boy of twenty-six, with a nature which radiated the joy of living, a scholar, a philosopher and a dreamer.

One afternoon he arrived unexpectedly at the village to bid her goodbye. He, too, was going to the war.

That evening they were married, and two weeks later he kissed his trembling, heartbroken little bride farewell and left with his regiment.

Tomorrow I will finish the story told me by the little English woman, who, after all, was nothing but a girl of twenty-four, though I had thought her to be a woman when I first saw her. Her hair is turning gray, and there are deep lines around her mouth. She is like many women of Europe whose shoulders are bent under the weight of the burning cross of war.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. Serena W.—I would take the little girl to a theatrical agency, as it is very difficult to see the managers until she has had some experience, and the agencies can put you in touch with theatrical producing companies.

Dorothy M.—Wear your hair down as long as you can—when you are grownup you will regret the speed with which your youth has passed.

D. B. P.—If you can continue school, I would advise you to do so. If you cannot, go to the moving picture studios, register, leave photograph and address, and they will send for you when they are in need of your type.

T. W. R.—I am sorry that your previous letter was unanswered, but it could never have reached me. I appreciate your kindly comments and criticisms, and am always glad to hear from and answer my readers. By all means, write again.

E. I.—My last four releases were "The Foundling," "Poor Little Peppina," "The Eternal Grind" and "Hilda from Holland."

Edna James—Voice culture is not directly of help in pictures. Study dancing, Delsarte and expression.

MARY PICKFORD.

A LIVING DEATH—Part II.

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When they told her they must return to America, she was heartbroken and for two weeks searched everywhere for a position where she could earn enough to support the family. But times were dreadful, and at last she was obliged to leave with the American family for New York. For two months she was here, then the family planned to spend the winter in Honolulu.

Weeks dragged into months, and then a letter came from one of his pals in the regiment, telling her he had been fatally wounded by an exploding bomb. He had just left the dying man's cot and before he had lapsed into unconsciousness he had told him to write to his wife. "The last I saw of him, he was holding your picture in his hand."

Though here was a terrible grief, she was but one of the poignant sufferers in the village. Two months passed—she had written many times to ask that his body be sent home, but no word had come in response. In the cemetery near the village, she had erected a cross in memory of her husband, and with the somber, bent figures of the other widows she went daily to put a few flowers upon the graves.

Then there came a letter from one of the surgeons in an army hospital. Her husband had not died—he was still living and would be sent to his home on the 1st of January.

"You must not be heartbroken if he returns without his eyes or with an arm or a leg gone," her father steered her. But she could not answer him—the joy in her heart was too great.

On the 1st of January an ambulance drove up to the home of the little English bride.

"I would like to speak to the wife of Courtenay L...."

With an ecstatic cry her hand closed over his arm.

"My husband?"

The two men looked at her solemnly. "Go into the house and prepare a bed, madame. We will carry him in."

Dazed and terrified she rushed into the house, into the sunlit room brightened by great bowls of flowers—preparations for his return. Then the two men entered, carrying in their arms the torso of a man, deaf and blind, with both legs amputated above the knee, with one arm missing, the other withered, swinging limply by his side.

"Good God!" Her cry was wrung from a broken heart as she sank on her knees beside the bed and leaned her head on the shoulder of the mutilated body. There was a contraction of the muscles, then in a very weak voice he spoke to her, "Paulina—my wife!"

The two men turned away and the long silence that followed was broken only by an occasional sobbing of the woman.

"It is a living death," came the half audible voice of the husband. "Poor little Paulina—I will be a burden to you all my life."

She covered his face with kisses and poured out tender, passionate words of compassion and love, which he could not hear—but understood.

Weeks passed—dreadful weeks. There had been a drought and the farm had yielded no harvest. The women and children of the village were suffering. The husband's family had been almost wiped out by the war and the old mother came to live on the farm and care for her helpless boy.

The little wife sought work, for there were seven mouths to feed. At night she would try to teach her husband to understand by signals on his forehead the conversation in the room, but he never knew how often they went hungry nor of their tragedies and heartaches.

Finally she was forced to go to London to seek work, and while there accepted a position as governess with an American family.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A BIT OF GOSSIP.

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ESTERDAY was another vacation day in the country, for this week, driven out by Jack Frost and all the first cousins of winter, we are leaving our country home and returning to an apartment in New York. I would like to have spent another month in Larchmont, but in a few days we will begin a new picture and I will have to make a long ferry trip across the Hudson to Fort Lee every morning.

"What a time poor Douglas had! He could punch that bell from morning until night and no one came. 'Lan' sakes, how dat crazy man do annoy me!" the porters would remark to each other.

"He dun gib me a dollar," one of the waiters confessed, but the 'keeper' overheard and remarked casually, "Poor fellow! He gave away his last cent."

"The words 'last cent' acted like a magic sleeping potion, for there was no demand from drawing room B that could stir those drowsy porters. For a couple of days Douglas was bewildered; on the third day he became suspicious; on the fourth day he was as mad as a wet hen, and on the fifth day he was so pugilistic that we fled to our drawing rooms and locked the doors in self-protection."

"That makes a good story," concluded Elsie Janis, "but, boys, I feel sorry for you!"

"Why?" they all asked.

"How many months ago did you say that was?"

"Oh, about six."

"And he hasn't tried to get back at you yet?"

They shook their heads.

"Then it is going to be a good one! When it comes, it is going to make a page of history in all your lives! I hope I have a box seat at the opening performance—I would hate to miss it!"

—

"I've got a good story on Douglas Fairbanks that has never been told," interrupted Allan Dawn, while the rest of us clamored to hear it.

"Each of us was in Douglas' debt for half a dozen practical jokes, and en route to California last summer we paid him back in full measure. With Douglas' usual free-handed generosity, no one else on the train could ever hope for any service. It made no difference what Pullman the porters belonged to, they would serve the puffed comedian while we could ring for three hours and never receive an answer."

"But this trip we cooked his goose. While he was in his drawing room, unpacking his grips, Raymond Hitchcock and I interviewed every conductor and porter on the train. 'If that very dark gentleman in drawing room B demands anything or cuts up any capers, please don't pay any attention to him.' Here Mr. Hitchcock introduced me, whispering behind the palm of his hand that I was the keeper of this unfortunate gentleman we were taking from an asylum in New York to a home for incurables in California, adding that while the patient was eccentric, he was harmless and tractable so long as no one took notice of him."

The news spread from the engine

to the observation platform and about half an hour later when the grinning Douglas made his way through the train, the nervous ladies drew aside from him, the porters trembled at their knees, the conductors kept their respectful but studied distance, while the men looked at him with eyes of pity and tolerance.

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The news spread from the engine

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A LITTLE TEAR FOR YOU AND ME
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Wilmington, Del.
Monday Evening.

HERE I am at the Hotel Du-pont at Wilmington, one of the most beautiful hotels in any of the smaller cities of the United States.

This is my first visit to Delaware, so I look forward to the morrow and a long automobile ride through the country, which is famed for its beautiful orchards. We are searching for locations, and that is what sped us onward to this country we have heard so much about.

One would hardly expect to find drama on board a train from New York to Philadelphia, but I have noticed that when we are in search of romance, color, drama or even tragedy, it lurks in every nook and corner.

If you speak to a pitifully old, bent mother, she will have a story to unfold; the children gossip of comedies which probably cause more laughter to hear than when they take place in their own homes. The conductor has a story to tell—often many of them—and it is even humorous to listen to the porters giving a pretty fair imitation of a Keith circuit vaudeville act.

Nestling into a comfortable chair in the parlor, I swung around to look out of the window, and noticed for the first time that a very attractive girl, not over 27, occupied the chair next to mine. She was singing and crooning to a baby which she held in her arms, and though the face was hidden I noticed she was dressed in the most exquisitely embroidered coat and bonnet.

A large, rather severe looking woman, whom I immediately thought to be her mother, sat next to her, watching every move the young girl made. Once she leaned over and spoke to her, calling her attention to the sunset, but the girl put her finger to her lips and with great solemn eyes warned the woman not to speak aloud—she would disturb the baby.

The woman cast a sympathetic but rather pained glance at the girl; then taking up her magazine, resumed her reading.

"Lullaby, lullaby, Mother's baby bye," the girl sang aloud, and we who heard it all turned our smiling faces toward her, for there is nothing which arouses one's interest like the young mother cuddling her baby. I stood it

as long as I could and then I leaned over.

"Is she asleep?" I whispered, my voice trembling with interest.

The girl looked at me with strange, unseeing eyes for a moment, then smiled slowly with her mouth, but not with her eyes.

"Would you like to see her?" she asked.

"Oh, could I?" and I threw my magazine down to rise and stand over the baby.

"Hush!" whispered the girl, "I do not want to wake her."

"I will be very quiet," I replied, leaning closer.

She drew a soft blue blanket aside and turned the baby toward me. For a minute I stared dumbfoundedly—looking into the face of a large bisque doll.

"Oh," I gasped, then wheeling around I felt a tug at my arm. It was the woman who accompanied the girl.

"Do not appear surprised," she warned me. "She will burst into paroxysms of weeping if she does not think you believe in—in the baby."

"Isn't she beautiful?" the tragic mother questioned me, her eyes searching my face while I struggled to regain my poise and answer her.

"She is very beautiful," I agreed. "You—you are her mother?"

"Yes," the girl nodded.

Across the aisle there came a loud guffaw from two young college boys who had seen the incident and were highly amused by it. I looked over toward them, started, and from them to the girl beside me. Her face had become ashen pale and the blood had left her lips.

Slowly she turned to the woman and handed her the doll; then with a wild cry she sprang to her feet and stood glaring at the two boys. Instantly their laughter died away and they rose from their seats, edging toward the door, both of them instinctively knowing they were looking into the eyes of a madwoman.

I had not appreciated the companion's strength until she seized hold of the girl's arm and forced her back into her seat, holding her down with one arm while with the other she patted her face and calmed her. Mechanically I leaned over and picking up the doll put it back into the arms which trembled closed over it. There was a long, long silence and finally strange, mournful weeping.

"It is an unfortunate case," the woman whispered to me, but the story she told me I shall have to keep for tomorrow.

"It is a wonderful opportunity," and she clapped her hands enthusiastically. "When do you leave?"

He looked at her unhappily.

"You may laugh at this," he told her, "but something urges me to remain at home—whether it is a forewarning that trouble will come to you or me I do not know. But somehow or other, I would rather fight it out here than go away just now."

She looked at him with disgust.

"And you would throw away a chance like that for a foolish whim!" she cried, scornfully. "Very well then—if you care so little for me that you are not interested in your own future, I will return to my parents."

The outcome of it was that it was she who urged him to go abroad. Many conditions arose which kept him away for

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A Tragic Honeymoon.

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Wilmington, Del.

Tuesday.

Yesterday I began my story of the young girl I met in the train who carried a bisque doll beautifully dressed, which she, poor little mad thing, believed to be her baby. The companion, taking her from New York to a private sanitarium in Philadelphia, told me her story.

At twenty this young girl, beautiful, petted, adored by her parents and spoiled by them as well, fell in love with a young architect. Her parents, though they approved of the engagement, forbade them, because of the girl's youth, to talk of a wedding. But one romantic afternoon they stole away and were clandestinely married.

The girl's father was a very stern, dominant willed, proud Southerner, and because he had given his daughter a warning that she would make him unhappy if she married, it was three or four months before the girl finally confided the secret to her mother.

"I cannot forgive you," the father told her. "You have deceived me. All your life, from the time you were a little girl, I have dreamed of the happiness of your marriage, and of the home I would build you, even of the children you might have to gladden your life as you have gladdened ours."

He was obstinate—there was no pleading which would pacify him—and the following morning the girl and her young husband moved to a tiny apartment in New York. For six months they were very happy, but finally the girl grew restless, her husband did not earn enough money to satisfy her vanities.

She wanted an automobile; a more pretentious home; she wanted to entertain her friends. Consequently she ran into debt and each day piled up bills upon bills which were impossible for her husband to meet.

"When creditors come in through the door, love flies out of the window," warned one of their cynical friends. "You have love and at least that should comfort you."

Another month or two passed; the husband was beginning to worry, to work at nights, while she, tired of the home which did not satisfy her, would steal out to meet a party of girls and boys who lived only for the moment.

One afternoon he returned home to tell her that a large London corporation intended to build a skyscraper on Wall Street. As junior member of a firm of well-known architects, an opportunity had been offered the husband to go abroad and place the plans before the English firm.

"It is a wonderful opportunity," and she clapped her hands enthusiastically. "When do you leave?"

He looked at her unhappily.

"You may laugh at this," he told her, "but something urges me to remain at home—whether it is a forewarning that trouble will come to you or me I do not know. But somehow or other, I would rather fight it out here than go away just now."

She looked at him with disgust.

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DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A TOMATO SURPRISE.

(Copyright, 1916, by The McClure
Newspaper Syndicate.)
Wilmington, Del., Wednesday.

MY mother and I took an automobile this afternoon and toured the country. I wish I could describe its beauties, now that the fall is painting the trees in a thousand rainbow tints. We passed many apple orchards and several peach orchards, with some of the late peaches still on the boughs.

The air was so crisp and cool it made you bundle your furs around your throat and be conscious of a red nose, for the air whistled around the automobile, as we drove at a pretty fair speed down the country roads. However, this was destined to be an ill-fated afternoon, for we had three blowouts in half an hour.

"I don't know who you are," the driver said to me irritably, "but you're the jinx."

"I'm very sorry," I apologized.

"It's too late to be sorry," he growled under a fierce mustachio. You'll have to find some way to get back to the hotel besides automobile."

My mother and I looked at each other in amazement.

"Can't you get the tires fixed?" we solicited.

"Can't get nothing fixed," and he gave the hood of the engine a bang.

"Everything's gone wrong—every-thing!"

"How far are we from the street cars?" I asked the irate gentleman timidly.

"More'n a mile, I reckon," came his polite answer, as mother and I started out. It was "more'n a mile" all right, and there was no automobile ever built that looked better to us than the street car when it came along and we climbed aboard.

"It was such a tramp it almost makes me laugh to think of it," I philosophized to mother, but she groaned. "Nothing could make me laugh now," she replied.

Sitting opposite us was a tired looking mother with a merry-eyed youngster of about five. I do not think there was any question in the Book of Knowledge which that child did not ask his mother before we had traveled a distance of ten blocks! And each question brought forth the same laconic answer, "Shut up, Willie—don't bother me!"

"Gimme a banana," the youngster pleaded, grabbing one of the many bundles she carried.

There came a slight rapping on the back of his hand.

"Those are tomatoes, Willie—let 'em alone."

"But I want a tomato—I want it!"

"Aw, shut up, Willie—you can't have it."

Again the mother leaned down and slapped the back of his hand, while mother and I looked on, a smile already beginning to tickle the corns of our mouths.

At each stop a crowd piled on until the car was filled and there was more or less interest centered upon the small Willie, who still plied his weary mother with questions.

Again the car stopped to let on but one passenger—large enough to have been a crowd! She was elephantine and had all the dignity of that sober animal as she swaggered down the aisle in her severe tailor made, light gray suit, and glared into the shifting eyes of each male, who became immediately absorbed in his newspaper.

Finally an expression on her face told us that she had discovered the wee Willie, for like a great thunder cloud she swept down upon the mother and child.

"Move that kid over so that I can have the seat," she ordered.

The tired mother elevated her eyebrows.

"I paid two fares and Willie can sit where he is," she replied decisively.

"Impudence!" cried the woman at the top of her voice. "Ignorance! And bad manners!"

Mother and I were chuckling to ourselves as we peeked around to see what the stout lady intended to do. During the argument that followed, Willie took advantage of his mother's distraction to steal a large, ripe tomato from the paper bag, biting into it so energetically that the juice gushed from his little red mouth.

The voices rose higher and higher, until at last the tired mother, weary of the harangue, indifferently lifted Willie into her lap.

Triumphant the stout woman looked around the car, pausing a second to give mother and me a withering glance, and then—she plumped herself down into the seat and sat upon the ripe tomato which had rolled from the struggling Willie's hand!

Enough said! I will let your fertile imaginations supply the details, adding, dear readers, that I sincerely hope she will never read this dreadful description!

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A London Musical Comedy Comes to Town.
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Thursday.
Manhattan bestirred herself last evening, for it was quite a gala night both for the society people and the society professionals. That droll comedian, Raymond Hitchcock, had come back to town and it was the first night run of his great London success, a musical comedy called "Betty."

Clean, pretty melodies with tuneful voices to sing them, lovely women in resplendent gowns, Raymond Hitchcock, with his usual droll, infectious humor, and the leading woman, a little English girl who made her first appearance in America and won the audience by her sweet, simple, charming personality—that is "Betty."

It was a brilliant and beautiful audience. In a box opposite us was Billie Burke with her husband, Mr. Florenz Ziegfeld. She wore a deep blue velvet evening cloak trimmed with a marvelous collar and cuffs of sable. I do not think I have ever seen her so beautiful for there was a glowing, happy smile on her face which radiated the joy which throbs in her heart, for perhaps you have heard her secret—the most wonderful that a woman ever has to tell. But in case you haven't, I will whisper it to you; Building his nest in the eaves of the Ziegfeld home is the Honorable Mr. Stork.

"A woman is never really happy until she has children," Ethel Barrymore whispered to us. "My own children have brought so much real joy into my life they have made it doubly worth living."

"This conversation makes an unmarried girl who has to mother a parrot and a Chinese poodle very unhappy," interrupted Elsie Janis, smiling that irresistible smile of hers, "so let us change the subject."

In another box, among a group of very pretty girls, I noticed Alice Brady, who wore a gown of satin and chiffon of the glowing American Beauty rose color. Florence Walton and Maurice, the two famous dancers, were in another box. Miss Walton, gowned all in white satin and white tulle, wore no ornaments except a necklace of diamonds. She looked like a dazzling swan spreading its downy white wings in the moonlight before the swaying draperies of old blue velvet.

Mrs. Vernon Castle was also there, charming, as usual, in a very simple but exquisite evening gown and marvelous ermine cloak. Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst were sitting in the very first row and near them Ethel Barrymore and her husband; Lilian Russell, in black velvet, wearing her rare collection of pearls; Pauline Frederick in a Nile green evening gown which showed to great advantage her sparkling emeralds; Marie Cahill, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn and Mr and Mrs. Sothern.

It seemed very strange to see Raymond Hitchcock, the inimitable Yankee comedian, playing the part of an Englishman with an accent, a monocle, a wrist watch, an elastic lounge

suit and all the other hallmarks associated in the American fancy with the stage Britisher.

At the end of the second act there was the loudest applause I have ever heard, until finally Mr. Hitchcock appeared before the curtain and made one of his amusing impromptu speeches.

"This English accent is driving me to Scotch!" he grinned in his old American way, "it isn't so easy as you think for a Yankee to play the role of an English lord!" And then he discoursed upon his home town, Auburn, bragging about it loquaciously was a town of "picked" inhabitants. This caused smiles chuckles and loud laughter, for Auburn is one of the prison towns of New York state.

"I am not the only notable Auburn can be proud of," continued Mr. Hitchcock with a wry face, "for there is Billy Sunday, a fellow townsman and actor." His imitation of Mr. Sunday was greeted by roars of laughter from the audience, and when he disappeared under the protecting wings of the stage, voices all around me complimented, "Raymond Hitchcock is the cleverest comedian on the American stage."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1916.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A Hair-Raising Experience.

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At Home. Friday. Little and I are sitting up on the roof with the sun beating down upon us from a cobalt sky, and dear little mother is very busy drying our hair, for when it is possible, I always treat myself to a sun shampoo. So many new readers have written in to ask how I take care of my hair, that I have decided to write again at length upon the subject.

For an actress to be popular with both managers and the public, she must keep herself in perfect physical condition, never once forgetting that everything she eats, everything she does, her exercise and her studies, must be on a purely business basis. For with us a woman's appearance is her fortune.

Over indulgence in eating causes an ugly complexion, which mocks you from the screen. Too many sweets ruin the teeth, affect the digestion, injure the eyes and have a disastrous effect upon the hair.

I began early to take care of myself.

It was one of the primary laws set down in our household by our mother. When Lottie and I were little children, at night before going to bed, we made a very spectacular business of brushing our teeth rinsing our mouths, and then to keep up our interest, we raced to see which would be the first to the brushes and the first through the hundred strokes to our hair.

A beautiful head of hair is a valuable asset in every walk of life. So many young girls who become carried away by types have made the unhappy mistake of bleaching or dyeing it, which eats the roots and destroys the natural luster of the hair. And then so many young girls indulge in elaborate coiffures, loading down their hair with ornamental combs and barrettes.

"I am a hopeless, helpless omelet!" she cried hysterically. "For two hours I have been trying to get the egg out, but nothing seems to do it any good." "Nothing will," I replied, giving her no encouragement; and I was right—it took days and days to remove all traces of the egg. So, my readers, you who have never experimented with eggs, beware!

Answers to Correspondents.

T. C.—Robert Edeson and Muriel Ostreiche played the leading roles in "Mortmain." That was a Vitagraph and not a Lasky film.

E. T.—Mignon Anderson played the principal role in "Mill on the Floss." Mary Fuller played in "Under Southern Skies."

L. V.—Alfred Hickman played the part of Richard in "A Woman's Past," and Clifford Bruce was Wilson Stanley. Pearl White is now with Pathé.

K. P.—I regret that I am unable to answer the very personal and almost impertinent questions you ask me.

G. M.—If there is not a public stenographer in your town to typewrite your manuscript for you, why not take it to some private stenographer who may be willing to earn the extra money or will even do it as a favor?

F. M.—Crane Wilbur plays the leading role in "For Her Good Name." Yes, indeed. I do think he is a very clever actor, but I would advise you to write him direct for the data which I cannot give you.

MARY PICKFORD.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1916.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

English and American Girls.

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At Home. Saturday. Last evening, after dinner, several of us strolled over to the Century Theater, as there is nothing more interesting in New York now than rehearsals for the most spectacular of Broadway revues—Messrs. Dillingham & Ziegfeld's production of "The Century Girl," which will open within a few weeks.

Last night I was fascinated by watching a rehearsal of the ballet, for there had been from 50 to 100 picked dancers sent over from England. I do not think they are as pretty as our American girls, who are more slender and chic, but they were clever dancers once their twinkling feet touched the stage floor.

"In a few days she will return," Mr. Latham remarked, "and when we tell her it is too late, she will cry hysterically and assure us she is starving to death. Then she will flounce once more out of the theater to tell the willing listeners how cruelly the theatrical profession grinds the poor young chorus girl under the revolving wheels of experience."

The ballet master dismissed the American girls and the English girls were called to the center of the stage. They were beautiful, strong and buxom, with rosy cheeks and deep-set, serious eyes. And when the ballet master showed them a few very intricate steps, they watched him without a word, concentrated upon what he was saying and doing. Then there came a slow rehearsal and I do not think that more than two or three girls were out of step. Within fifteen minutes they were doing the most spectacular ballet dancing I have ever seen, and we who were sitting there, our chairs stretched across the footlights, were fairly thrilled by it.

"To these girls, dancing is work and they always take their work seriously. They love it; it is life itself to them. Most of the American chorus girls, following the newspaper notoriety of their predecessors, dream of the title who is to sit in a stage box or the multi-millionaire who waits at the stage door, but the English girls are like the sturdy housewives interested in the earnest performance of their duties."

Answers to Correspondents.

D. K.—Valentine Grant played opposite Walker Whiteside in "The Melting Pot." She is with the Famous Players Company.

J. P.—Edna Goodrich played the lead in "Armstrong's Wife." Edna Purviance is the clever little actress who plays the role of leading woman in Charlie Chaplin's plays.

Evelyn R.—Dear little girl, your mother knows best, and from your own admissions that "she is the dearest and best mother that ever lived," I am sure she has only your interests at heart. If you do not obey her now, you may regret it the rest of your life.

G. T.—Beulah Poynter and Arthur Donalson played the leading roles in "Hearts of Men." Fannie Ward played the leading role in "The Marriage of Kitty."

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A HUMORIST ON ATMOSPHERES.

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Elsie Janis has a divinely delightful sense of humor; that is the only way I can express it, as real humor which makes so many people happy can rightfully be called one of the divine blessings.

The other evening at a supper party after the theater, Elsie Janis kept a great roomful of people in hilarious laughter; and no matter how we all tried to match our wits against hers, it was like the race between the tortoise and the hare, Elsie so far outmatched us.

As the evening progressed, Elsie and I drifted away from the others and, as is to be expected from one whose life is completely wrapped up in screen work, I broached the subject of moving pictures to her.

We talked seriously and otherwise regarding the production of pictures and Miss Janis launched into her favorite subject-atmosphere.

"That is what we are striving for," I insisted. "There are very few directors now who have not corrected the mistakes made a year ago. You do not see many scenes labeled 'Mr. Worth A. Million's home on Fifth avenue' which do not give the impression of a luxurious drawing room instead of a Harlem flat. 'If a picture is supposed to be taken in a Southern town, a company is sent to the South instead of the Northwest where several black-faced comedians are placed in the background for atmosphere."

"Speaking of atmosphere," and here Elsie Janis began to laugh, "that is my hobby. When I went into pictures I made up my mind that no matter what the scene called for, I would carry out my ideas and ideals regarding atmosphere. When we put on a boarding school scene we did not get a lot of extras who looked like a Winter Garden chorus, but chose refined young girls from among the host of school girls who applied for positions. 'If one of the scenes was to be taken in a kitchen I insisted that the kitchen stove, if it were a gas range, be piped; if it were a coal range it had to be built so that we could really start an honest, pie-making fire in it.'

"All this went very well, and I think made its impression on the screen, until we arrived at the story, 'Twas Ever Thus.' First came the scenes laid in the Stone Age.

"What are you going to do about atmosphere in this case?" the director laughed at me. "There are not many records in history."

"Very well, then," I replied. "I shall start a new record of my own." And straightway I set out to do so.

"The primitive people lived in caves. It took about a forty-mile automobile trip out of Los Angeles to discover caves suggestive of the Stone Age. The people wore nothing but skins and their bodies were burned by the sun. Leopard, tiger and wildcat skins were passed around to the young ladies of the company. As for the men, history describes them as creatures very close to the animal plane. So we immediately cornered the market on beards and long matted wigs, and presented these to the leading men for a hirsute disguise.

"History casually mentions the dinosaurs; what are we going to do for that

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

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Today, shopping on Fifth avenue, I met

Hazel Dawn.

"Do I look as if I had been rehearsing twelve and even fifteen hours a day?" she asked me.

I glanced at her sparkling blue eyes, rosy cheeks and red lips, then shook my head.

"Yes," she continued, "there were

James Kirkwood, Pauline Frederick, the company and a half dozen others, all laughing at the girl who had boasted so erringly about never being afraid of anything.

"Brag little and suffer much"—James Kirkwood had made good his threat."

"We open in less than two weeks and I am about scared to death. Really, it isn't half so much fun as pictures," she confided to me. "I love the out-of-doors, even to that yawn getting up in the morning. You know that I was born in Salt Lake City, and, like all Western girls, ride horseback, drive a car, swim, canoe and mountain climb."

"I know," I replied. "I have heard it said you are another of the fearless girls in pictures. 'There is nothing you are afraid to do, at least once.'

Hazel Dawn's eyes grew suddenly very serious.

"It's all very well to boast," she replied, "until someone takes you up on it. I made a remark once, when we were up in the Catskills, that nothing could frighten me. My director, James Kirkwood, laughed at this.

"You'd better look for your landing place before you leap," he cautioned me. "Brag little and suffer much!"

I paid no attention to this and the days went by until it was almost time for our return to New York. The last evening at the little, unfrequented resort where we were staying, we gave an informal dance.

"Let's put on our evening dresses," I suggested to the other girls. "It's the first opportunity we have had to wear anything but costumes and outing suits."

"So we donned our party frocks and the evening spun merrily along. It was about 11 o'clock when one of the maids came in to tell me that a gentleman outside on the veranda was waiting to speak to me. 'It's probably one of the boys,' I thought to myself, so I hurried out of the hall without saying a word to anyone.

"Walking around the veranda, I thought I saw the familiar figures of the leading man and Mr. Kirkwood, but as I approached them, they stepped into the shadows.

"Did anyone want me?" I asked.

"Before I could say anything more, both men sprang forward, one holding my arms, the other forcing a gag into my mouth. I tried to scream, but it was to no avail. I kicked as hard as I could, but in a jiffy the men had wound a rope around me and carried me off the veranda. In the distance I could hear the clash of the cymbals and a round of applause when the dance was over.

"First I was lifted into an automobile, and then covered by a huge robe. Although I strained my ears, I could not catch a sound of what the men were saying while they whispered to each other before the machine started down the hill at fifty miles an hour. There came a rush of cool air. I could feel the machine whirling around the mountain roads, and then the minutes slowly dragged into hours. Once we stopped. It was by some stream of water which I could hear bubbling over the rocks. They filled the engine, then one of the men in a husky voice asked me if I would have a drink of water.

"I shook my head and tried to talk, hoping they would at least take the bandage off my eyes. But they paid no further attention to me.

"Then I began to recognize the sounds of the city, the whistles, the thunder of the elevated railroads, the whir of a thousand automobiles. Finally the machine came to a standstill and I was carried up a flight of steps. One of the men evidently rang the bell, for a few minutes later the door opened and a woman's shrill voice commanded them to drag me upstairs.

"By this time I must admit I was paled with terror, and when I felt one of the men taking the bandage off my eyes and untying me, finally removing the gag, I almost swooned. The room was dark. The men disappeared. I heard a key turned in the lock.

"My first impulse was to scream; then I staggered around the room, looking for the lights. With almost a joyous cry I found the switch and pressed the button. But the switch had been destroyed; there were no lights!

"A few minutes later the key once more turned in the lock and the old woman with the shrill voice opened the door. In one hand she held a lighted lamp, in the other a revolver leveled at me.

"Don't scream, don't make a sound, but follow me," she ordered.

"Trembling so my teeth rattled like dice in a box, I followed her down a flight of stairs and into a room where, in the darkness, I could see the shadows of many people sitting around a table.

"Turn on the lights," the woman shrill-

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A STAGE HERO AND A REAL REEL ONE.

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Last evening Dell Henderson had dinner at our home and we talked over the good times of yesterday. Dell Henderson you will recognize as one of the famous Keystone producers, who is now directing Owen Moore at the Famous Players.

Before Mr. Henderson went into moving pictures, he was one of the most interesting figures on the stage, his most successful portrayals being the big, broad-shouldered, deep-voiced Southerners, the rough, kind-hearted gamblers, or the cowpunchers of the West.

When Lottie, Jack and I were little children, he was a hero to us, especially to Jack, whose one ambition was to "grow up and be a stage Westerner like Dell Henderson."

At the time I was playing in "The Warrens of Virginia" for Mr. Belasco, Jack, mother and Lottie were with another company, and Dell Henderson was the star in the famous old melodrama, "Bunko in Arizona."

"I will never forget," he told us last evening, "the first time I saw little Jack. In the last act several Indians were on the stage and in that particular scene with them, I reached the big moment of the melodrama.

"That matinee, while I was barnstorming, the Indians slunk into the scene, and to my astonishment, I saw the figure of a small boy creep from the wings and in the shadow of the Indians, steal right on the stage until he was just a few feet in front of me. Then he crouched behind a barrel and gazed up at me with his great, brown, serious eyes.

"Who the—what the—how did that youngster get on the stage?" I fired under my breath at one of the other actors. "Put him right off, or he'll break up the show."

"The actor edged over to the barrel to which the small boy was clinging.

"Better get out of here, kid," he whispered. "Or we'll have to throw you out."

"The boy looked up at him defiantly.

"I won't," he replied.

"You what?" and the man took a step forward.

"By this time I was beginning to get fussed in my lines.

"Clear out!" I roared at the youngster. "He cleared—from the shadows—to leap into the barrel!"

"Put a lid on!" the stage manager called from the wings. An actor, following his instructions, casually lifted a box and set it on top of the barrel. But even that did not squelch or disturb the intruder. I saw one big, brown eye peeking through a hole in the barrel, and it was focused admiringly on me.

"Let the kid alone," I finally said. "He won't disturb us."

"There was something about that eye which held my interest. It was the eye of the small boy who had read Nick Carter, and who loved just such a character as I was playing.

"Our lack of enthusiasm at the beginning of the scene, the delay and interruption, had stolen a bit from the temper of our lines, but what mattered it to me so long as that one glowing, approving eye watched everything I did? It made me spruce up; it made me remember the days when I was a kid, and I just made up my mind not to disappoint that young

MARY PICKFORD.

Elizabeth L. G.—Carlyle Blackwell

is still with World Film Corporation.

He is married. Winifred Kingston

played opposite Dustin Farnum in "Ben Blair" and "Davy Crockett."

Peggy F.—Creighton Hale has ap-

peared in the following serials: "The

Exploits of Elaine," "The Perils of

Elaine," "The Iron Claw," and "The

Grip of Evil."

C. O. R.—Vernon Steele played op-

posite Mme. Petrova in "The Vam-

pire." Pavlova is now with the New

York Hippodrome.

W. S.—Ann Murdock played the stel-

lar role in "A Royal Family." Harold

Lockwood played the leading role in

"The Lure of the Mask."

M. V. B.—Harold Lockwood was born

in Brooklyn, July 12th, 1887. Tom

Forman is not married. Jack Curtis

played Master Ned in "Lydia Gilmore."

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A HOMELY LITTLE STORY.
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guessed my secret until one winter when an aunt came to visit us in Canada. One evening, to entertain her, the family album was laid upon the table. The little cousin, my sister and I flocked around to watch our aunt admire the photographs of the family.

"There must have been at least 20 or 20 poses of the little cousin and my sister, but not even a snapshot of me. Never had they once thought of having my picture taken. Who wanted the picture of a homely child to distribute among relatives in the United States?

"Well could I remember the day when the whole family was hustled to the photographer. It was a history-making day in my life, for I was allowed to accompany them! Secretly I suspected that my time had come, that I was to have the honor of smiling into the eyes of a camera.

"The two little girls were dressed in dainty white dresses and were given a skipping rope, while a big bank of blossoms was piled behind them. This picture was called 'Springtime.'

"Where shall I stand?" I asked eagerly, just watching as long as I could.

"Out of sight," came the laconic reply of the photographer. "Out of sight—and behave yourself."

"The next picture was entitled 'Winter,' and the two little tots were bundled in fur coats with snugly muffs. A bright red sled was given them, but when the picture was developed only one corner of the dazzling sled could be seen.

"Our aunt, looking over the family album, stopped and smiled pleasantly at the sight of the two pretty little faces, then she turned and asked the others, 'But where is Marie? I haven't seen a picture of Marie.'

"The family was embarrassed.

"We—we never have had Marie's picture taken."

"Oh, yes," I cried to hide my embarrassment, "I'm in a picture—that picture," pointing to the two children in fur coats and muffs.

"Indeed?" and she looked at the two little girls again to make sure.

"This—this isn't Marie?" she asked, pointing to my cousin.

"Oh, no," I replied, blinking the tears back, "that isn't me! I—I was sittin' on the sled!"

"It was my mother who taught me that I musn't let anyone hurt my feelings and that being supersensitive would tend toward destroying instead of building up my character. And as I grew older, I realized that people love you for what is in your heart, not for the geography of your face."

"The years went by and no one

guessed my secret until one winter when an aunt came to visit us in Canada. One evening, to entertain her, the family album was laid upon the table. The little cousin, my sister and I flocked around to watch our aunt admire the photographs of the family.

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Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A MOTHER'S STORY.

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There is no tragedy more touching than the tears of a mother. One kind word, one little tenderness on the part of the child—it makes no difference whether it is a wee one or a grownup boy or girl—and behold! the mother face is smiling like a rainbow through the storm.

And now I am going to tell you a little of the dramatic incident I saw behind the scenes of one of New York's most dazzling theaters.

A tired, timorous gray mother, who made me think of those pitiful little sparrows when winter beats down upon them, bribed her way into the theater and hid in the shadows of the wings until she caught sight of the stage manager.

"What is it you wish, Madame?" he asked her politely, for there was something in her wan, wistful face which aroused his sympathy.

"Could you tell me where I can find Molly D—," she asked him, adding with a little dry sob, "She's my daughter."

The stage manager looked long into the eyes of the mother before he could answer her.

"She left rehearsals about two weeks ago and has not been here since," came his measured answer.

"You couldn't tell me where she's gone to? Surely she left an address?" the mother begged. Now there were swollen tears trembling in her eyes.

"I have not had any word from her, and I am afraid to notify the police for fear if Molly has done any wrong, she will be branded by the newspapers. You know how it is when the newspapers get hold of a story—where only a few knew it, a thousand are told of it. It isn't the fault of the newspapers, I know," she continued, "but I do want to keep this story away from them."

"I'm sorry," and his voice was sincere, "but if I can find out where she is, I will let you know." He handed her a piece of paper and a pencil. "Write down your address for me."

The mother drew back and her face was ashen white.

"I—I don't want to do it," she replied. "But if you don't let me know where I can find you, it would be useless to hunt for your daughter," he urged, and she caught the tone of sincere respect and tenderness in his voice.

"Please don't tell her where I am; only let me have her address so I can go to her. I know she will be very glad to see me."

We strolled away, not wishing her to feel that we were listening to her unhappy story, and while our backs were turned, she slipped the paper into his hand. She was living at the Poor House.

Before the mother had gone, the stage manager collected quite a purse for her. At first she would not take it, but he slipped it into her hand.

"You cannot deny us this little pleasure," he implored her.

A few days later Molly D— was point-

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

JUST TO AMUSE US.

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Last evening we enjoyed a new Broadway comedy, "Arms and the Girl," and after the show sauntered to one of the hotels for supper. Norma Talmadge was there, looking very attractive in an apricot colored gown while near her sat Pauline Frederick, charming in purple and white.

We were all tired, so ours was rather a dull party until Raymond Hitchcock ambled over for a visit. He saw the mood we were in and made up his mind he would drag us out of it. And he did. He told us anecdotes of his youth, of his experiences in London, and one yarn which he says the English public enjoyed more than any story he ever hazarded on the English stage.

"A few years ago there was a famous American prize-fighter who went to London in a vaudeville turn. One evening at a fashionable club, a group of the elect were talking about the new artist.

"I say, rather surprising, isn't it?" drawled one of the young English gentlemen, "but tell me this chortling would-be actor we saw this evening is an American prize fighter."

"Yes," I replied bragging, "one of the very greatest prize fighters in our country. Why, he's so clever that we call him the Artful Dodger! And swift on his feet—there wasn't a fighter in America who could land a punch in edgewise."

"Aw, you don't say!"

"Really?"

"Do tell us more!"

"And then, to make the story still stronger, I added, 'Why that fellow's so swift he could even dodge a bullet!'

"Oh, no!" drawled the young Englishman, "What a pity!"

Mr. Hitchcock, who is a great favorite in London, tells of his invitation to the home of an English peer. A late afternoon tea was given in his honor and the large army of servants had been told to usher the American actor to the drawing room. And so, among themselves, the servants figured that any one who deserved such attention would arrive in magnificent style and state.

"It was a particularly beautiful afternoon and as I had not had a chance for any exercise that day, I strolled over to the manor. Arriving there, I rang the bell and was met by the indignant and supercilious servants. From the first one I was passed to the second, from the second to the third, and from the third to the fourth, fifth and sixth, until I felt quite bewildered and apologetic.

"The sixth dignitary escorted me to one of the head butlers, who regarded me lightly. I dared to inquire for the lord and master and was told almost threateningly that I could not see him—he was entertaining a celebrated American actor and could not be disturbed by any unwelcome intruder.

"Just as I was about to disclose my identity, a wan smile of recognition broke over the butler's face. 'Oh, bless me, sir,' he exclaimed. 'Hi know hi've seen you somewhere, sir; you're—you're the plumber!'

"'Plumber!' I echoed, dazed by this honor.

"'Hi begs your pardon, sir,' he replied, treating me with almost as much courtesy as we do the gentlemen of that surgical profession in this country, 'but you see, sir, Hi mistook you for a stranger, sir.'

"'Lead me to your plumbing,' I replied, flourishing my walking stick.

"Down through a long corridor we went, past at least twenty other servants, who also treated me in a manner much more respectful than when I had first arrived. You see, the dream about a plumber's social position is not all a pipe!

"I was led into a most immaculate kitchen, and there, on bended knees, I spent an hour fixing the sink. Really, to be frank, I enjoyed it; it make me think

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford.

THE G. A. P.

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After a week of shopping and planning, we are ready for our new picture. "Less Than the Dust" will soon be released, and I trust that all my friends will be entertained by the first offering of our new company.

I am going to play a very different character in this new picture—one I have never played before—a little Scotch girl. And from what I have studied of the Scotch costumes and manners, I am looking forward to the characterization. Mr. Maurice Tourneur, formerly a producer with the World Film corporation, is going to direct the picture, and Mat Moore, the brother of Owen and Tom Moore, will be my leading man.

As most of the scenes are laid in a little fishing village on the coast of Scotland, we scurried around from Maine to Florida looking for a proper location. We have found it in the quaint little village of Marblehead, Mass.

The yachting and swimming season being over, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we would almost monopolize the village.

"Surely there will be no curious onlookers," I remarked to the company, "for the villagers seem too occupied with their own little households to interfere with our work."

"If we get up very early in the morning we can take a dozen scenes before the village is stirring," one of the company replied, all hope for the new venture.

I sighed; it was too good to be true. This pleasure and comfort of working unobserved. Sometimes I think if the public only appreciated that it really is work and not pleasure, they wouldn't crowd around us, talking, laughing, and ridiculing, but would take us more seriously. For, after all, we are a great factory producing merchandise, selling film at so much a yard for the education and pleasure of the public.

If we went into a factory and saw a hundred girls at work over their looms, our first inclination would be one of respect. Perhaps as they bent over their looms, their figures might appear grotesque, just as our painted faces do to the public, but we would not poke our fingers at them, mock and ridicule them. They are workers; so are we.

"Ah, this place is for a rest," Mr. Tourneur cried ecstatically, with his delightful French accent. "It is peaceful here, there are no thousand eyes winking at us; there are no thousand inquisitive, mocking tongues. We shall be able to make one grand, fine picture, so commune are we with Nature."

I agreed with him, the actors and actresses agreed with him, the camera men agreed with him, and our little cavalcade started out merrily.

First we found a location on the shore where the waves were beating against the rugged rocks. And there we set up the camera. One hour of enthusiastic labor, then on our horizon we beheld a cloud of dust.

"What is that?" we cried breathlessly. "They are marching; it looks like a regiment!" Mat Moore exclaimed.

"No, no, it is not a regiment," our co-

M. R.—Mignon Anderson is about 23 years of age. She is married to Morris Foster. Arthur Hoops was the district attorney in "The Scarlet Woman."

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Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

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SUCH A HERO.

Median laughed, "it is the G. A. P.—the Grand American Public!"

Nearer and nearer the marchers came, until they had descended upon us. There weren't dozens of people—there were just hundreds and hundreds! We could not guess where they came from until one of them volunteered a little information.

Placards had been tacked up in all the small towns around Marblehead that a moving picture company was going to give an exhibition of "acting" and the public was invited to pass judgment upon it.

Most of the women had brought little camp stools. Forming a huge semicircle around us, they set up the stools and sat down. Several of the men had pennants, out of compliment to me, with the name Pickford flaunted across them, and every time I stepped out on a scene, there was a waving of flags and a mad applause—which made it very easy to do our dramatic bits, I can assure you!

"We'll have to wait until they have gone away," Mr. Tourneur told me sparingly, "so we called in our forces, made a little semicircle of our own and tried to outwit them. At twelve o'clock simultaneously there were several hundred small paper boxes produced by the crowd. It was lunch time.

Lunch time covered an hour, but we waited until two, hoping they would leave. At two there were no signs of it, so, not to lose the day, we were forced into working.

That evening, in discussing the army of visitors with the manager of the hotel, he disclosed the astonishing fact that the enterprising owner of a small cafe had published our arrival in all the small country papers, advertising that he would supply the street car and railroad fares, an exceptionally fine lunch and a guide to follow our trail, all for fifty cents!

Some day I am going to get an airplane to drop a camera man and a company on top of the Matterhorn. I would just like to know how it would feel to have one scene taken without a hundred eyes appraising it!

Answers to Correspondents.

F. F.—Marie Walcamp was Ellen in "John Needham's Double." The Peg of the Ring series is now completed.

S. J.—If you have a good moving picture plot, write it briefly in synopsis form, and send it to the scenario editor of any reputable company, enclosing stamps for its return. It is not necessary to put stories in scenario form; the staff writers prefer to do that.

I. D. F.—Andrey Munson appeared in "Inspiration." Her latest picture is "Virtue."

M. C.—Crane Wilbur was Allan and also Jean in "A Law Unto Himself." Nicholas Dunaew was Kiniba in "By Whose Hand?"

Hetty W.—Lillian Walker is still with Vitagraph. William Courtleigh is with Famous Players and Lillian Lorraine was with Equitable last.

M. R.—Mignon Anderson is about 23 years of age. She is married to Morris Foster. Arthur Hoops was the district attorney in "The Scarlet Woman."

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A CURE FOR MOVIE MADNESS—I.

There was a great stack of mail to be looked over this morning. However, it is not a task but a pleasure. The wicked old alarm clock started me at 6:30, as I knew it would take at least two hours of reading before I was ready to answer all my correspondents.

In the first place, I was surprised to find that so many girls had begun their letters. "You have not been telling us very much about moving pictures lately, and it is always an interesting topic. What are we to do when we are eager to become moving picture actresses?"

Girls, I have tried to analyze this very carefully from every angle, although I am afraid I have advised most of you not to become moving picture actresses unless you are sure you have fine photographic features, acting ability, perseverance and are ready to face any hardship.

But of course I am in a position to always appreciate the lure of pictures. When young girls who work in stores or are the family drudges pass a location where they see us at work, it seems nothing but play to them.

"Why, I have been here two hours," one girl remarked to me yesterday afternoon, "and all you have done is to walk into the scene, hand a letter to the old man, say a few words to him and run out again. I could do that myself."

It is rather difficult to tell people how much work there is attached to pictures, just as we forget when we see a successful physician or lawyer all his years of struggling from the time he left college.

The salaries paid to stars seem spectacular to the pretty girl who is eking out a meager existence, and that is why she often throws her work aside to come into our already overcrowded field.

There is only one particular rule to abide by, if a girl is an amateur and has had no experience. She should go to a photographer for many poses; there should be pictures taken of laughing, serious, angry, sorrowful, piqued, in love expressions. But do not let the photographer retouch the negatives. What we see upon the screen cannot be retouched, and there is no use having all the lines artificially removed from the picture; they are character and character has its appeal.

Armed with these photographs, on the back of which you have written your name, address and telephone number, visit the different studios, but first of all I would advise you never to tell a falsehood about anything. Do not say you have had experience when it is not the truth. It won't take them very long to trap you, and you will not only lose prestige, but a chance for ever appearing in any of their productions.

While the photographs may show that you are capable of controlling your facial expressions, they will not prove that you are an actress, so when the casting director tells you he will give you a chance in a mob scene, accept it graciously. Perhaps the first part will be lost among a hundred other girls, striving like yourself; in fact, I know girls who have worked for weeks and weeks playing the role of what we call in pictures "Atmosphere."

However, this gives a girl a chance to get accustomed to the camera, to the methods of the director and also an opportunity to watch the stars working in the scenes. A studio is like a school—it is the teacher's duty to develop the pupils. The pupil most willing to work, to concentrate and to further her own ambitions, is naturally the one a teacher will be most attracted to, even though she does not forsake the dullard.

By always being on time, by watching and studying the opportunity to do the very best, even though you are only a spoke in the great wheel of a scene, the directors will notice you. Many a time I have heard them say, "Today I am watching a little dark-eyed girl, the one with the two brown braids over her shoulder. She is as eager to learn as a little squirrel. Tomorrow I am going to give her a chance in a scene where she will not be lost among the hundreds of others."

This is the first step in pictures; it is only a toddler. Tomorrow we will begin

Answers to Correspondents.

T. M. W.—Adda Gleason was Maude and Alan Forrest was Walter in "Prisoners of Conscience." Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, April 15, 1881. Yes, he is married to Dorothy Davenport, who is the niece of Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress.

Mae Z.—Edward Martindell played the role of David in "The Foundling." R. Bradbury was Jeremy Sparrow in "To Have and To Hold."

C. R.—Nazimova will appear shortly in a Herbert Brenon film adapted from her vaudeville vehicle of last season—"War Brides."

V. N.—If you write both the players you mention for autographed photos, I am sure you will get them. Marjorie Kay was Alice in "Sherlock Holmes."

J. K.—Edna Mayo is still with Essanay. Her latest picture is "The Return of Eve." Billie Quirk is directing for Metro, and is still president of the Screen Club.

B. M. O.—Emily Stevens was the mother and daughter in "House of Tears." Cleo Ridgely is playing opposite Lou Tellegen.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A CURE FOR MOVIE MADNESS—II.

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The second step in pictures, after you have worked as an extra girl, is to learn the value of a wardrobe. The average salary for beginners is twenty to thirty dollars a week, and extras are usually paid from two dollars to five dollars a day.

Some girls, when they have had a little experience, believe they must attract the attention of the managers through their personal appearance. So they dress themselves garishly, like chorus girls, with the latest styles poorly imitated, cheap and exaggerated fashions and foolish extravagances. The director looking at them, knowing what their salaries have been, mentally figures out that if these girls were called upon to play serious parts they would not qualify in type, manner, or talent. Nor could they afford, having spent all their savings upon their personal trinkets, to dress the parts as artistically as they should.

I realize that wardrobe has been a great, discouraging drawback to many girls. Two years ago in California I met an actress I was very much interested in, who was not only pretty but had unusual talent. For several months she had been playing small bits in the company and was making a very moderate salary. But very few of these girls were prepared for the demands and the hardships of pictures. Day after day we see them in droves, traveling in vain from studio to studio in the search for work.

"The scene where we can use you," the director tells them, "is supposed to be the drawing room of a New York millionaire. His guests are returning from the opera. You must bring beautiful evening gowns, slippers, fans, imitation jewelry, opera cloaks."

"But we haven't them," the girls reply, astounded.

"Very well, I am sorry then," is his reply, "but we will have to find actresses with wardrobes."

This is the second step in pictures. The third is even more serious.

Answers to Correspondents.

T. C.—"Lonesome Luke" is a character created by Harold Lloyd. He is with Pathé.

Evelyn G.—Do not send your synopses or scenarios out until you have had them typewritten. This is probably the reason that your scripts were returned to you. Editors will not read scripts that are not typewritten.

B. K.—The actress you mention is not French and the actor is not married. I would advise you to consult a hair specialist. Some tonics are beneficial; others are not.

A. T.—I never heard of the company you mention, but three months is not a long time for them to keep it, I think. Many of the companies to which they send it will keep it several weeks.

Effie McD.—I would not rouge, if I were you, but try rubbing your cheeks with a small piece of ice in your hand. This will not hurt the face but will bring a glow to your cheeks. You can never hide rouge, no matter how good the quality.

A. S.—Bryant Washburn and Margaret Clayton have never appeared in a picture together, but expect to do so in the near future. "The Prince of Graustark" having been selected.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD

A CURE FOR MOVIE MADNESS III.

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To recapitulate, first comes the problem of extra work, then the serious problem of the wardrobe. In studying other conditions of the studios, the next consideration is the girl who feels she has risen above extra work and is ready for small parts.

We will consider only the girl who has saved enough to have in her trunk two evening gowns, an evening cloak, two afternoon dresses, a good-looking suit, a few hats and accessories.

Formerly most of the moving picture studios had formed stock companies. Very good salaries were paid to the actors and actresses under contract, but lately the producers have discovered these stock companies to be the drawback of their productions.

For instance: There is a part calling for a very serious-minded, esthetic-looking young man. To make the story more perfect such a type should be found. But the producer knows that in his stock company, drawing a fine salary every week, is a young actor who has not been working for over a month. He is not really the one to play the part; he is short, strong, robust, and more the comedian than the esthete. The director protests when the young man is forced upon him for the part. "He is not

the type," is the argument.

"Artistically no, but commercially he must be made to fit the part," the producer commands. "We cannot pay a large salary to another actor while this stock artist walks around with nothing to do."

Now most of the stock companies are being disbanded as the contracts run out, and these actors and actresses find themselves among the countless thousands of others, seeking employment from studio to studio, being called upon only when their particular type is in demand.

Take for example one of the cleverest character women on the screen. She is not beautiful, but she is an exceptionally fine actress, when her particular olive-skinned, deep-set luminous-eyed and straight black-haired type is needed. For years she was a character woman in a stock company and received a very comfortable salary. It was velvet to her, although there were many parts she played, from heavies to leading women, which she did not like and which the public did not admire her in. Still, it was an obligation to her company; she was receiving her salary, and she must work.

Now her contract is over and she is what we call a "free lance." The companies all know she is capable but her luck has run so that there have been at least a dozen stories which excluded her individuality. She feels that her position is such that she cannot go from studio to studio asking for work; she is the one to be sought. Consequently, she has only been working two or three days this month and not more than a week last month.

The secretary of a well-known author remarked to her the other day, "How I envy your life and, incidentally, your salary!"

Her reply was, "Now that conditions have changed in the studios, perhaps I am the one who should envy you."

"Yes,—for 52 weeks out of the year you are sure of your salary. Mine may be three times yours, when I am in demand, but your forget the weeks that I am not even called upon to play a minor part."

Looks alone do not qualify you as an actress. This I have hammered over and over again. It is what we call personality that carries. Some of the most beautiful girls I have ever met failed to hold an audience. Some call it heart, others call it expression, the poets laud it as soul, but technically we call it magnetism.

A charming personality can be acquired by cultivating good manners, taste, distinction in clothes, consideration of others, but magnetism is destined. No matter how homely or how obscure a girl may be, if she has magnetism the public is drawn to her.

A girl may be beautiful and have marvelous clothes with which to adorn herself, but without magnetism she is a failure. Magnetism is a force which, like electricity, has never been explained, but it has a power as unquestionable.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A CURE FOR MOVIE MADNESS—IV.

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We have followed a girl's career from the days when she was doing extra work, through all the worry of gathering a wardrobe, to the greatest problem of all, transient positions.

"Do you really believe I can ever be successful in pictures?" many a girl who has been disappointed in herself asks her friends. If they were really truly friends, they would advise her not to struggle on through endless, disappointing months of hard, irregular work, but give up the idea of acting to take a regular position which would assure her at least a steady, comfortable living.

But as a rule we seldom have courage enough to tell the uncomplimentary truth, and many girls have drifted along, gradually breaking in spirit and health. But these are the shadows; and here are the highlights.

Again it revolves around what we call screen magnetism. It isn't necessary for a girl to be beautiful, but there must be some charm about her which attracts, which makes you eager to see her again and again. One of the best examples I can think of is Mae Marsh, perhaps one of the most fascinating actresses of the screen. She does not resort to a hundred little artifices to make herself

attractive. She is just plain little Mae Marsh, and you love her because she is real, because she has that magnetism of which we have just been speaking.

The girl who makes good in small parts is immediately given second leads. Sometimes they step from bits into leading roles, but this is not very often the case, as it takes years of development to make a star out of crude material. Then the slow climbing develops a girl's character, and in each role she lives a new emotion, suffering joy, disappointment, grief, disillusion or despair. After these experiences she is qualified to logically interpret every characterization.

As I have told you, most of the stock companies have disbanded, and the character actors are wandering, like helpless children, from studio to studio. But the stars are always at a premium. Once a girl reaches the stellar heights, it is the producer who implores her to sign a contract, and not she who seeks the producers. These are the girls who are seeking the spectacular salaries which are ascribed to all the actor folk of this moving picture world.

"It is almost a sin—such salaries—and they don't deserve them," many people have been heard to remark. But the argument is, if they don't deserve them, would they be getting them? The public demands the stars, the producer needs them, and as long as they are making money for the producing companies, surely they are worth their salaries. It is really the greatest pleasure for the greatest number. One star's pictures travel to thousands of theatres, where in turn they amuse and educate the "millions."

It is the salaries of the stars, the luxuries they can afford, the love and applause of the public, which lure young girls into this already overcrowded field. It is because we who have been successful enjoy our work so much that we are partly responsible for making these girls believe it is a veritable Aladdin's dream. And that is why, when girls write me for advice, I try to put the glamour in the background and tell them frankly and sincerely what they must expect when they start on their pilgrimage for success. There is more weeping than laughter in the studios: there are more disappointments than triumphs; there are more turned away every day in the week than are accepted or given a chance.

There are a thousand failures to one success, so look well to your landing place before you leap. It is an old adage but nothing I have ever heard applies more directly to pictures.

All letters sent in to me I shall be only too glad to answer, dictating a personal reply. But you must appreciate, girls, that when you write and say, "I am five feet tall, have brown eyes and black hair; do you think I can be successful in pictures?" it is impossible for me to answer you. I can only reply that it rests within yourself and I would not dare to advise or encourage you when perhaps you are the very one who should be kept away from the maelstrom of the studios. Nor can I tell from a photograph, which is generally too much retouched. The only advice I can give is how to go about seeking an opportunity to prove to yourself what you are capable of accomplishing.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

EVIL TONGUES—I.

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GOSSIP: "They are more deadly than bombs yet!" exploded Sam Bernard to a group of us the other day. "From canons I walk away—from gossips I run."

"I have known many girls whose reputations were ruined long before they were," replied Elsie Janis.

"That is the trouble with the theatrical profession," said Hazel Down unhappily. "We are often maligned when we do not deserve it."

I agreed with them, remembering the story of a young girl in Toronto.

Agnes B. was an unusually pretty girl, the daughter of a blacksmith and the oldest of a family of five children. Her mother was one of those sweet, patient little women who devote their whole lives to the raising of their children, but the father was a stern, strong-willed man, who believed in discipline.

Shortly after Agnes graduated from high school, a musical comedy troupe came to Toronto. Times had been very hard and Agnes was given a chance in the chorus. She had a very sweet, true voice and her beautiful figure and face attracted not only the audience, but the newspaper critics. "The prettiest girl in this New York production is one of our own high school girls, Agnes B.," they said. "We hope that some day Toronto will be very proud of her."

The neighborhood was agog over

Agnes' success, and it must be admitted that her head was just a wee bit turned by all of the praise.

When the troupe was leaving the manager sought her father and asked if she could follow them to New York. The mother pleaded, but the father believing that now he had educated his daughter, she should help in the support of the family, told her to pack her things and make ready for her departure.

As the weeks went by, her glowing letters cheered the mother, who lived in doubt and terror as to what would become of her unsophisticated, vain little girl in New York. But the letters were very reassuring: she was making \$25 and \$30 a week and had been promised a long summer engagement.

The father had little to say—the money came in very handy, especially during the winter when business was dormant and his blacksmith shop was almost snowbound after the storms.

But away from them, in that ice-bound mausoleum, New York, Agnes was having her troubles. In the first place, she was suffering from the most unhappy of all maladies, homesickness. Then, again, she found many thorns in this dream path of roses. In the late fall there were four weeks of rehearsal without any salary. The show opened, ran about two weeks, and then closed, a failure. Agnes, like a hundred others, was set adrift in New York to look for work. For months she dragged along, living miserably in those cheap theatrical boarding houses. She had many offers, but to her misery she found that most of the glittering ones meant a sacrifice of honor.

Through one of the chorus girls who had followed the "easiest way," she had met a very wealthy man who offered to secure her a position at a tempting salary. But Agnes refused it indignantly. In spite of her desire to make her mother happy, she could only write discouraging letters home. In the spring two gossipy Toronto women departed for a visit to relatives in New York.

Though Agnes for many months had denied herself the pleasure of going out with the other chorus girls, she allowed herself to be persuaded one evening to attend a party at Rector's.

"But I have no clothes," she protested when this girl friend insisted that she accompany her.

"Of course, you haven't, but I have a wardrobe full of pretty evening gowns. You can't disappoint me, Agnes—you have promised and you must give me the pleasure of lending you one of my dresses."

Reluctantly Agnes accepted, although she afterward said she felt a thrill of pleasure when she regarded herself in the mirror, her cheeks flushed with excitement, her eyes dancing, her beautiful figure shown to advantage in an exquisite and expensive evening gown.

It so happened, for fate is whimsical in its dealings with us, that on the very night of Agnes' first Bohemian party, the two women from Toronto had been invited by New York friends to visit the beautiful, gay and colorful cafe of Rector's.

Agnes B. was a girl who had never taken a drink, but on this night, dazzled by the lights and her companions she yielded to their urging and toasted to the party's success with a glass of champagne. One dizzying glass—and then another—and then another. While all the time she was joining in the mad merry-making, the two women from Toronto were sitting behind her, watching her every move as a cat watches a hole in the floor for a mouse.

They could not follow Agnes when she left the cafe. They did not know that, once outside, she had refused even to allow one of the men to accompany her home, but had insisted that the girl who had brought her there and loaned her the gown should see her to her door. They did not know how sorry she was the following day or how unhappily she returned the borrowed finery. They only knew they had a delicious tidbit of gossip to carry back to Toronto. And what they told shall be continued in our little story tomorrow.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

EVIL TONGUES—II.

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The two gossips who saw Agnes B. in Rector's with a party of gay young people, dressed in a borrowed evening gown, lost no time in telling all of the neighbors in Toronto of the chorus girl's supposed downfall.

"You mustn't let her poor mother know about this," the two neighbors whispered, laying great stress upon their words. "She's such a dear, kind woman."

But at the same time they knew the woman they were whispering the story to would lose no time in telling a group of the most garrulous of the neighborhood. Little by little the story, like the stone rolling downhill, gathered speed, so that, by the time it reached the mother's ears, Agnes was a fallen woman. For weeks the father walked about in a dazed, black mood, but at first the little mother could not believe it.

In New York Agnes' struggle was still going on. She secured another part and there were weeks of rehearsal. This time the musical comedy ran only four days and then was taken off the boards, a hopeless failure.

The wealthy man, still determined to win her, waited for the psychological moment. It came. For eighteen hours she had gone without food. She had been turned away from the cheap theatrical boarding house, and had tramped for twelve hours from one agent to another, looking for work. It was in the fall and the nights were chill and windswept. Stealing through Central Park, she had found a secluded bench and cuddled up to it, looking into the starless sky.

At noon the next day she went to the man's office and told him frankly that she was staggering from hunger and cold. He looked at her with glutinous eyes—but there was a mute appeal in her own which finally touched him.

"I'm sorry for you, Agnes," he told her at last, "but you are not big enough to fight New York. If I were you, I would return to Toronto."

The tears came into her eyes.

"How can I?" she replied simply.

"I have no money."

"Agnes," and there was a note of sincerity in his voice, "let me help you just this much. I will ask nothing in return."

After thinking it over seriously she did accept a ticket. Once safely on the train, she was thankful she had not fallen by the wayside as so many unfortunate girls do when they cannot make good.

"And dear little mother will be so happy when she knows how I have fought and won," she said to herself, looking out of the window to watch the disappearing steeples of the city as the train wended its way into the restful country.

Arriving in Toronto, her father met her at the station. Eager-eyed, tense, flushed with excitement, Agnes was peering out of the window, watching for his familiar figure.

"Heigh, there, daddy," she cried as she sprang off the train and rushed up to him, throwing her arms around him. Three times she hugged him to her, nor did she notice through her tears his stern, ugly expression.

"Come," the father ordered her, "let's get away from here before anybody sees you."

"Before any one sees me!" she exclaimed. "Why, that's just what I want! I want to see every one and tell them how glad I am to be home again."

"I can't understand you," and the father looked at her grimly. "You are bold! You don't seem to want to hide your shame."

"My shame?" she repeated, her face clouding with the agony of surprise and doubt. "But that is just it, daddy dear—I have come home rather than make any mistake which would reflect upon you and mother."

"Don't lie to me," the father replied. "We have heard everything."

"I am sorry, daddy," and she tried to link her arm in his before he could draw away from her, "but I know mother will understand."

As they rode through the streets the people who knew Agnes whispered behind the palms of their hands, while Agnes stared at them incredulously.

When they reached home the mother was not waiting on the steps to greet

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

WHAT HAPPENED TO MAMIE JONES—I.

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Following my intimate little talks and advice to young girls eager to become moving picture actresses, I have decided to tell you very frankly the story of Mamie Jones, a very pretty girl who worked in a fashionable millinery shop in New York City.

To begin with, there are thousands of Mamie Joneses—small, dainty, pretty, with neat little figures, winsome personalities, but no intellect. These girls one meets every day in the shops, in the street, in the cafes; but while they attract, they make only a transient impression and do not hold one. They remind one of gay marionettes, dancing aimlessly on a foolish stage of painted scenery. They are imitators and mimics. They are clever, no doubt, but there is something about them which is lacking. Perhaps this is because they are not even true to themselves.

Another customer interrupted us and I noticed that Mamie seemed very glad to edge away from me and devote her attention to the newcomer, for fear my remarks would discourage her—remarks inspired by "professional jealousy," as she called it!

The following week when I dropped into the store to see if the ordered hats were ready, I inquired for Mamie Jones.

"Her head is turned," one of the other girls confided to me. "She quit her job on Saturday night, to go into the movies."

I shook my head.

"Don't you think it is a pretty good idea, Miss Pickford?" the girl asked eagerly. "Mamie has almost converted me; the fact of it is, I came pretty near giving my notice when she did."

"Wait," I begged her. "Don't take any steps until you see what happens to Mamie Jones."

Answers to Correspondents.

Grace V.—Thank you for your friendly letter. I would advise you to write Pauline Frederick direct. She is still with Famous Players. I am glad you liked "Hilda from Holland."

Ruth F.—Gladys Hulette appears in Thanhouser films. Fannie Ward has appeared in Lasky films, of which the most notable are "The Cheat" and "A Gutter Magdalen."

Ethel M.—Grace Valentine played the leading role in "Dorian's Divorce." She appears in Metro films, but was on the stage, creating the original role in "Help Wanted."

D. D.—De Wolf Hopper is with Fine Arts, his most notable film being the magnificent production of "Don Quixote."

G. M. P.—"Jaffery" was released by International and produced by Frohman Amusement Company. C. Aubrey Smith plays the stellar role; Florence Deshon is Liosha; Eleanore Woodruff appears as Doria and Paul Doucet fills the role of Adrian.

N. C. T.—Lou Tellegen plays the leading role in "The Victory of Conscience," but Geraldine Farrar does not play the opposite role. Cleo Ridgely fills that part.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

WHAT HAPPENED TO MAMIE JONES—II.

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Mamie Jones is the little milliner who gave up a position of eighteen dollars a week to become a moving picture actress, just because she had been told she was too pretty a girl to be earning such a ridiculous salary.

Thoughtlessly many successful moving picture actresses have remarked to pretty young girls, "You would look very well on the screen." Their words are spoken lightly—they are compliments which please. But soon they forget their honeyed words and do not realize what harm they have done. For most girls take this very seriously.

Such was the case with Mamie Jones. A star had promised much and Mamie had given up her position with very little money in the bank to tide her over the weeks until she found her new work profitable. The star had made an appointment with her. "I will introduce you to the manager," she promised garrulously.

But when Mamie went to the studio, she discovered to her disappointment that the star had left for Florida and would not return for four or five weeks.

Days passed by—days of traveling from one studio to another.

"I am a friend of Miss So-and-So," she would tell the casting director. He would smile as he answered, "If you have had no experience, what good do you think that will do you?"

After two weeks of a fruitless search for work, Mamie lied to the casting director of one of the large producing companies. She told him she had had some experience, naming several companies she claimed to have worked for. The casting director believed her, for there are few who have not learned that such lies get them into more difficulty than telling the truth.

"Let me have your photograph, address and telephone number," he told her, "and if we need you I will send for you."

Two days later she received a telephone message to come to the studio. "One of the directors is confident you are the ideal type for a part in his picture," they told her. "It is a small but a very dramatic role. Be here at the studio tomorrow at 9 o'clock with your makeup box. As it is a period picture, we will supply your costume."

That night Mamie Jones scarcely closed her eyes in sleep, but lay feverishly. The lie she had told the casting director was heavy upon her conscience. In the first place, she had no idea what a makeup box meant and in the second place, with no previous experience before a camera, she hadn't the slightest idea of how pictures were taken.

But for ten days the landlord had threatened them that he would have to put them out if the rent was not paid. For five days her mother had been ill with worry, and for two days there had been scarcely enough to eat in the house.

So before nine o'clock she was at the studio, trusting to luck that one of the girls would help her solve the first terrible problem of makeup. Assigned to a dressing-room, she found herself in the company of five or six other girls.

"Oh, my," she exclaimed breathlessly, "I have forgotten my makeup box."

Two of the girls turned around solicitously.

"We will help you out," they replied. So far her scheme had worked beautifully. For a few minutes she battled with the grease paint, and then, to the girl who seemed most friendly, she confessed she was new to the game. The other girl, feeling her superiority, did not tell Mamie she, too, was a newcomer, but eager to show her knowledge of this glimmering, glamorous picture world, assisted Mamie in the process of makeup.

It was all wrong. When the director

saw her, he was disappointed; she was not so pretty as the retouched photograph. Two minutes after she had stepped on the stage, he realized that the girl had lied about her experience, that she knew nothing of the elements of acting. But it was too late. The huge set which had been built for the scene was scheduled to be destroyed that afternoon, to make way for other interior sets, and it would have taken hours or even days to have found another actress who looked the part.

There followed two hours of maddening rehearsals—the director antagonized, the girl terrified. When the ordeal was over the director walked into the studio manager's office and told them of Mamie Jones' deception and of her inability to act. She was paid five dollars for that day's work and was lectured by the casting director.

"Don't ever come near this studio again! Furthermore..." he warned her, "I am going to notify other studios. We have suffered long enough through the deception of amateurs. It holds us back in our productions and it provokes the criticism of the public."

Through this one girl there resulted a system of verifying every reference. There is a record kept of each applicant, how they photographed, how clever they were and their disposition, which is as important to a company as their talent. Viragoes and drones often delay a production.

The name and description of Mamie Jones, whether she wanted to call herself by any other name or not, was flouted from one studio to another. So when she trudged around again she found herself barred.

The landlord would grant them no more privileges and they were put out of their pretty little apartment. The millinery store refused to take her back. Winter came on, times were hard, girls were being let out of shops instead of employed. Mamie Jones was finally forced to take a position at ten dollars a week in one of the large department stores.

The sunshine had gone out of her eyes and smile, the sunlight out of her heart. She knew it would take months and even years to regain the position she had foolishly given up.

I know there are many girls who will write to me and say, "Yes, but another girl might start out from the same position and make good," to which I can only answer, "After all, the only ones who really make good are those who have talent as actresses, and there is not one real actress in a thousand among the many who swarm to the studios."

Answers to Correspondents.

J. P.—If your little daughter has such marked talent, take her to the various moving picture companies, leave her photograph, description and address. You will hear from them when they are in need of a child of her type.

E. T.—They may not allow visitors in the studio you refer to, but it will do no harm to go there and try.

D. R.—Charles Cherry and Lilian Tucker played the leading roles in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." Jose Collins plays the leading role in "A Woman's Honor."

M. G.—Your verses are very clever, I think, and, if you are persistent, no doubt you can have them published.

G. D. E.—Owen Moore played opposite me in "Cinderella." The role of Ceilidh in "Feast of Life" was played by Doris Kenyon. Muriel Ostreiche played the leading role in "A Daughter of the Sea."

Evelyn M.—I am unable to tell you who was the author of the various photo-plays you refer to. Perhaps you could find out from the companies who produced them.

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MORAL CONDITIONS OF STUDIOS.
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T HIS morning a very interesting letter was laid by my secretary upon my desk. It read:

"Dear Mary Pickford—You have written on many subjects, but here is one you have not touched upon which interests me more than any other. You have told of the successes and failures in the studios, of the large salaries, of the fun, but you have said nothing about the vice, which I know must exist. You have not told about the hundreds of poor, young innocent girls who are lured by the bright lights only to be blinded by them."

"I have heard from people who have been around moving picture studios that there is only ten per cent. virtue, and as regards that ten per cent—it is so hidden they call it the 'submerged tenth'! What have you to say about this when you preach the gospel of the studio? You have told us of its angels; tell us now something of its devils."

Now comes the problem of answering such a letter as this. Really, it is impossible for me to crowd my answer into one short article, but I shall try to analyze the subject from every angle.

Although I have been on the stage ever since I was five years old, I have always been guarded by my mother. It seemed to me during my childhood that actors and actresses were a very kindly people and we were like one large family traveling gleefully from one part of the country to the other.

Of course, there were the painted women—we knew of them—sometimes they were pointed out to us, often we had them in our own company. But generally instinctively we guarded ourselves against them. It is surprising but true that a bad woman does more harm than a man in the same position. They seem to represent what they call "hypocritical" virtue on the part of other women and taunt them with it, even leading others into positions which would bring down upon them the censure of the public.

But through the medium of newspapers, magazines, missions and the intelligent Christian women who give up their lives to helping others, there are few girls nowadays who go blindly given up.

I know there are many girls who will write to me and say, "Yes, but another girl might start out from the same position and make good," to which I can only answer, "After all, the only ones who really make good are those who have talent as actresses, and there is not one real actress in a thousand among the many who swarm to the studios."

A good girl who is clever is the only one who stands a chance, while the bad girl who is not clever soon loses out.

folded through any walk of life. The greatest pitfall for a woman is what she calls love. In most cases it is infatuation, and many young girls commit their first false step when they are blinded by this emotion.

The percentage of girls who deliberately plan their own moral downfall through avarice is very small. Of course, there are many professional girls who have reached their transient successes through the medium of some man with position or power, but they are not usually little young, foolish girls greedy for advancement and material gain, but older girls, made bitter and cynical by unhappy experiences. One of the best illustrations of this is the play by Eugene Walters, *The Easiest Way*.

Vice will always exist, but not necessarily in the theatrical profession. It is really in the hearts of the people. I do think that the glamor of the stage attracts more weaklings than the studios, for after all, there is very little idling in moving pictures these days. Most of the time is spent out-of-doors, the work is very hard and the sweet, clean country, the blue skies and the sunlight do not foster the insidious and the subtle as do the midnight hours of the theatre.

It has been said that many girls have been lured into the studios by the directors and given an opportunity because these directors became personally interested in them. While you may be able to mention a few such cases, they are really the exception, and I can explain why.

The director is now held responsible for the production, and his position depends entirely upon the class of pictures he produces. He would not dare to put an ignorant girl who cannot act in an important part which she could not fill, just because she was attractive personally to him. He would be called to account for it, for even one small bit in a picture can destroy the effect of the whole production.

The public has been educated to criticize not only the story but the characterization of each individual and their demands have made the producers more eager to please. A good girl who is clever is the only one who stands a chance, while the bad girl who is not clever soon loses out.

THE GIRL WHO WON'T MAKE GOOD.

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TODAY I lost my patience—I really, truly lost my patience, and for two hours I was cross as a bear. For something has happened which annoys me tremendously.

About two weeks ago a young girl came to see me with a letter of introduction from an intimate friend. The letter told me that Miss B. had come from the South and was the daughter of an aristocratic family in straightened circumstances. She was pretty but had not been very successful in New York.

Back in her little Southern home, she was voted the most popular girl of the village. In the amateur theatricals, she had always been the star. During the summer season, when a well-known theatrical producer visited his country home in the South, he had promised her that if she left there and came to New York, he would see that she had a chance in one of his productions.

The following winter she took his advice. But once in New York, she found it difficult to see him. He had forgotten her. He was busy with rehearsals, and as she was such an unusual type, he found he could not place her in any of his winter's productions.

So she drifted around until she found a small part in another play. But the play failed. As her foolish pride kept her from writing home that she needed help, she eked out a miserable existence until she decided to try her luck in pictures. It was then that my friend sent her to me.

I tried seriously to secure a position for her, but she was handicapped by having had no experience in pictures. And because of her "social position" which she felt was paramount in her life, she refused to do extra work.

This friend and I loaned her enough money to keep her from being turned out of the apartment she had taken, and at last I managed to get her a small part at one of the studios.

Her natural confidence was a great help to her and the director told me she was really very clever. The next day, one of the actresses who was playing a very big though not a dramatic role with one of the other directors, was taken seriously ill.

"This young lady Miss Pickford introduced to us might do very well for the part," the manager remarked to the director. "How would you like to give her a chance?"

"She is very pretty" the director replied, "I will be glad to try her out."

It was a three weeks' ordeal, but the girl felt as if she had gained very much by the trying experience. The director was patient, and, being a friend of mine, he did all that he could to help her. As the part called for quite a few good-looking clothes, she was given a larger salary.

But when the picture was shown upon the screen, while she was not a hopeless failure, at the same time she was not a success.

"She is a girl who will have to climb very slowly," the director told me. "What she really should do is to start as an extra girl and work up."

Today in one of the productions there was the role of a maid. It was really an interesting part and a great opportunity for the young girl to be in all the big scenes where she could study and learn by watching the stars.

I rang her up gleefully.

"It is the chance of your life to make good," I told her.

"But my dear," she exclaimed over the phone, "surely after playing a leading part, you do not expect me to fill the role of a maid!"

"Why not?" I exclaimed. "After I had been starred in pictures, I played many small bits with Florence Lawrence, Florence Turner, and Marian Leonard."

She laughed at me.

"You will have to tell them that unless they make me a better offer than that, will not take it. Besides," and here she drew away from the window, "it looks like rain and I would hate to take that long trip across the ferry to Fort Lee."

"That is the last time," I said, stamping my foot. "I will ever be ambitious for any one! There is no use in trying to help people who are not willing to help themselves. Miss B. is one girl who will never succeed—nor will she ever be able to understand why."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

OF INTEREST TO THE SCOTCH.
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Marblehead Neck, Mass.

FOR the last two or three weeks we have been living our merry daytimes in the most delightful Scotch village you could ever dream of—a little world of thatch-roofed cottages and quaint, crooked, narrow streets. As I sit here, perched up on the edge of an old stone wall, I look around me and this is what I see.

In one of the gardens grants an enormous, wallowing pig with ten little ones. A withered, bent old Scotch woman—a garrulous shrew, I can assure you—is driving her flock of geese toward the market. The small boys, and their pet donkey, trudge boisterously past the little schoolhouse, while the kindly old dominie is tolling the bell of the wee stone church.

The Scotch lassies who go promenading past me have very red lips and rose leaf cheeks. Grease paint? I defy any of you to prove it! One golden-haired girl I particularly admire. It is she who milks the cow in the little garden of the Widow McClinton. I like her because there is always a song on her lips—and she is amusing when she flirts with the young, broad-shouldered fisherman, Willie McDonald.

There they are now, strolling down the village street, pausing before the inn, watching for Angus McDonald who visits too frequently the jolly host and the pewter mug.

There is a large sign on the door of the inn which tells us that the innkeeper has a license to sell intoxicating liquors "On or off the premises."

The placid cows stray down the street and nibble at the greens which are planted in the window boxes. Occasionally a fisherman will drive them away, scaring them by whipping out his great nets or barking at them like a dog. This is done principally for the amusement of the dozens of little children who circle around the sherman and accompany him as far as the steep cliffs. There they all join hands and peer over the ragged tops of the dangerous rocks, watching the

slow descent of their fathers and brothers and to the shore far below them. It is in the hollow of a protected cove that many fishing crafts are docked.

In this peaceful little Scotch village have I contented myself for the last three weeks. But now I must enlighten you—it is not in picturesqueness Scotland that I have been spending my happy days, but on the rocky cliffs at Marblehead, Mass., where we have built a little Scotch village for my next picture.

A few years ago we would never have dreamed of such an expense for one picture. The chances are we would have sought a little street where the houses were rather small and would have covered the roofs with hay. The play would have been such a careful study of atmosphere as we strive for now.

Our director, Maurice Tourneur, is a Frenchman, but he has spent many months of travel in the British Isles, so there is no stone left unturned toward reproducing a real bit of Scotland.

Matt Moore, the brother of Owen and Tom Moore, who has been directing pictures for the Universal Co. for the last two or three years, is my leading man. As you know, he is an Irishman, but Mr. Tourneur chose him because he considered him more of a Scotch type.

Just before we began the picture, we all drove through Lynn and many of the small towns around Marblehead, asking interviews with the rugged old New England types. It was then we met Danny McGregor, 82 years old, with such a burly accent one would never believe he had known other than the shores of Scotland. We tried to explain to him that Scotland itself was now on the rocks of Marblehead, but he only laughed at us. Finally, after many promises and persuasions, followed by the glitter of a wee coin which made more of an impression upon the old Scotchman than all our palaverings, we succeeded in getting Danny McGregor into our automobile.

Never will I forget the expression on the old man's face as he tottered down our village street. It was with reverence that he looked upon what was to him the ghost of his own country. The costumed women, who, like himself, were Scotch, spoke to him in their beloved dialect. The fishermen showed him their great strings of fish—the small boys chased the old fat pig and her little ones across his path. And how he laughed—a long, shrill, cackling laugh—recalling his own boyhood of 70 years ago.

"He would be a great character to have in the picture," Mr. Tourneur whispered to me. "I wonder if we can persuade him?"

We formed a committee to talk the matter over, but after all there need have been no such scheming. When the hour came for taking the old man to his home, he refused to leave there! This time the committee was doubled and there was much secret consultation how to get the old man home again before dusk settled over the cliffs and the cold night winds whistled around our bare legs. The next morning, bright and early, instead of our pleading at the old man's door, he was waiting in the village street, wrapped in a warm, woolen shawl. Ever since then he has been the most energetic actor in the company!

A BIT OF LOCAL COLOR.

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Marblehead Neck, Mass.

NATURE can be very kind to the moving picture expedition or she can be very cruel. Sometimes there are days and days when we pray for the fogs to blow across the inland and leave us the unveiled sunshine, but it so happens that, for this Scotch story we are producing, a storm is what we are waiting for.

Each morning we look into the clear blue of the skies and shake our heads if it means another day with no black, threatening clouds gathering.

They echoed his words aghast, while one old resident sat down on a soap box. Taking out a little note book and pencil, he began to figure out at \$50,000 a week how much I had to spend per minute. Occasionally my mother heard him give a long, low whistle, as the paper was rapidly filling with figures.

"It can't be did," he remarked at last, waving the paper under their eyes, "the gal can't do it."

Salaries of moving picture actresses, like everything else, have been so exaggerated. It accounts for one of the lures of pictures.

This new Scotch story opens with a storm at sea; we will show scenes of the terrified women in their thatch-roofed cottages, praying for the safety of their men; the children tucked in their cribs, but clinging to each other, frightened by the lightning and the howl of the storm.

The camera man and the director, who have to face all dangers, will have the camera strapped to the rocks, so they can get a picture of the village, when the storm is at its height. Little does the audience realize what tremendous work and patience it requires to photograph such scenes.

Most people think they are "faked" as they call it, or that by some chance a storm blew up while the company was out working. Often the latter happens to be the case and the story is changed to bring the storm logically into the picture. But our drama opens with a downpour, a storm at sea, the wreck of the fishermen's boats and the loss of life which plunges the merry little village into an abyss of sorrow.

It may be days, it may be weeks before the storm sweeps over this part of the country, and all the time we shall have to remain here, waiting and watching for an angry turn of the weather.

Each day hundreds of people come to Marblehead from Boston, Lynn and the smaller cities around Marblehead to watch us taking pictures. At first we were rather embarrassed before these curious people, but we

found them so charming, so interested and so kindly in their regard for us that we look upon them as an appreciative audience. Sometimes I am sure it is rather a stimulus for our work.

One thing which always amuses and interests us is to stand close enough to the sidelines and overhear the remarks of the public, especially those who know nothing about studios or studio life. The ones who know the least always have the most to say, while others who are eager for information gobble it down as fast as it is fed to them.

As my mother and I passed a group

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

the other day, my mother heard one man whisper to several others, "There goes Mary Pickford! I know it is an absolute fact that she makes over \$50,000 a week."

"You don't tell!" ejaculated his breathless audience. "What does she do with it?"

"Spends it—and never saves a penny!" the man continued, snapping his thin lips together.

"How does she spend it?" they asked in a chorus.

"Reckless livin', I suppose," the man replied, and walked away triumphantly.

They echoed his words aghast, while one old resident sat down on a soap box. Taking out a little note book and pencil, he began to figure out at \$50,000 a week how much I had to spend per minute. Occasionally my mother heard him give a long, low whistle, as the paper was rapidly filling with figures.

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"Oh, my goodness me!" and the knocking became louder. "Isn't that the sweetest thing you ever heard of? Mary Pickford is taking a bath!"

Believing that her apology would be accepted, Louise returned to the boudoir. But the knocking continued.

"Let me in," the voice demanded. "What do I care if Miss Pickford is taking her bath—I want to come in just the same."

Louise was distracted. "Pardon, but you will have to go away," she told the visitor.

"Never!" the visitor replied. "I have traveled twenty miles to get Mary Pickford's autograph in my album and a page interview for our weekly paper. I'll sit here until she will see me."

Perhaps it is well the determined visitor could not understand French, as there followed a volley of that expressive language which even I, with my few French sentences, could interpret from Louise's animated illustrations.

Two hours later, when I stole down the back stairs to the hotel, I peeked around to see the woman still sitting by my door. She was one of those sober, determined women, the type that always accomplishes what it goes after.

"She'll get you yet!" Mr. Tourneur remarked as we slid out of the hotel into the machine and were whisked away toward our location.

That morning, during the taking of a scene, I noticed the background the unfamiliar figure of a woman, waving frantically. For the first half hour, every time I caught the motion of her hand, I suspected it was to one of the others of the company, until I was left alone—then it was unmistakably I. Almost angrily she kept calling for me to come over to her.

"I know who she is," I discovered at last. "My grim-visaged visitor of this morning."

One of the little boys of the company, who had strayed near the onlookers' benches, stopped to talk to the woman and a few moments later came running toward us, bringing me the message.

"She says she will have lunch with you," he announced.

"Who says so?"

"The lady who has been waving her hand!"

For a few seconds I was speechless—then, "In the early morning she disturbs me at my bath—at noon she invites herself to luncheon! We will fool her, Louise," I whispered. "We won't have any lunch at all!"

At noon the lunch boxes were passed around. I refused mine. The woman waved again, but I paid no attention to her. At 1 o'clock I saw her dare to lift the rope which kept the public off our village grounds and deliberately walk through the barnyards and past the groups of people.

As she drew closer, to my utter surprise I recognized one of my dearest friends, Mrs. Clifton Crawford, whom I had not recognized in a new winter outfit.

"You have kept me almost starving to death," she laughed, while I rather sheepishly explained that I had taken her for my early morning visitor. Mrs. Crawford pretended to be very much piqued, but that evening I had the tables turned on me, as I shall tell you tomorrow.

About 5 o'clock we returned from our location to the hotel. Visiting with Mrs.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

SOME VISITORS ARE NUISANCES.

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Marblehead.

It was a glorious day of work and we accomplished so much, taking over a reel of film. It seemed to me this afternoon there were thousands of visitors in place of the regular hundreds, all swarming like buzzing bees to our little hive of a Scotch village on the rocky cliffs of Marblehead.

As I have written before, they are most charming, although now and then there will be a mote in the sunbeam. This early morning, while I was turning on the water for a cold plunge, there came a furious tapping at the door.

"Who is it?" Louise, my French maid, called in her sweetest voice.

"Open the door immediately. I must see Mary Pickford."

"But, Madame," exclaimed Louise, with appropriate gestures, "I am veri sorri, Miss Marie, she is in zee bath!"

"Oh, my goodness me!" and the knocking became louder. "Isn't that the sweetest thing you ever heard of? Mary Pickford is taking a bath!"

Believing that her apology would be accepted, Louise returned to the boudoir. But the knocking continued.

"Let me in," the voice demanded. "What do I care if Miss Pickford is taking her bath—I want to come in just the same."

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About 5 o'clock we returned from our location to the hotel. Visiting with Mrs.

Crawford, I had forgotten all about the Lady of the Bath.

As I wearily walked up the stairway to my room, there sat the woman, in the exact position in which we had left her at 8:30 that morning. I was ashamed—I was even touched by such persistence. With all the apologies in the world, I offered to make amends for having kept her there all day. But her sentiment was curdled—she no longer cared for my autograph in her album or for a full-page interview in her county paper—her respect for moving-picture actresses and moving pictures had died in the long hours of her waiting.

"Miss Pickford, I owe you something—you have cured me of a very silly habit—hero worship," she remarked, as she hotel door, and disappeared forever.

Perhaps she will read these lines and know how truly repentant I am.

Answers to Correspondents.

A. J. H.—Actors must always supply their own wardrobe, except for a costume play.

Anna G.—I would not advise any one to take a correspondence course in acting.

Henrietta M.—The company always pays all traveling expenses when it is necessary to take pictures out of town.

T. P.—Try using a boracic acid solution on your eyes in the morning, and put a little white vaseline on the lids at night.

Erma.—You can easily find out from the directories if there are any studios in Boston. I should certainly not come to New York for a tryout and leave your present position.

Alice N.—The reason your scenario was returned to you was because it was handwritten. Have it typewritten.

MARY PICKFORD

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

JUST CHATTER.

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Newspaper Syndicate.)

Marblehead.

TODAY a fog hung like a gray mantle over Marblehead, so there was no picture-taking at all. We built a crackling fire in the parlor of the hotel and sat around telling stories of our experiences. In a company of 50 or 60 there are always many interesting types and characters, and we get very close to each other when we must spend weeks at a time living in the same hotel.

Last night several of us motored into Boston to see Clifton Crawford in *Her Soldier Boy*. Mr. Crawford and his wife were neighbors of ours all last summer at Larchmont, so we were very anxious to see him in the new musical comedy he is going to bring into New York.

Although we smiled and waved at him from the sixth row, we could not catch his eye, so at the end of the first act I went to the stage door to ask for him.

"I would like to see Clifton Crawford."

The man looked at me very grimly, almost superciliously.

"I don't think Miss, that he will want to see you."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, rather taken back, "tell him it is Miss Pickford."

Again he looked at me with cold appraising eyes.

"Still I don't think he will want to see you, Miss."

Swinging on his heel, he hurried

down the corridor. I could hear his knock on Mr. Crawford's dressing room door, and a few mumbled words. Then Mr. Crawford's voice, which is singularly clear, traveled down the corridor.

"I'm glad you told her I don't want to see her—I have only a few minutes to change my costume in and I haven't time to be interviewed by anyone."

The man repeated my name again—I could hear him—but rather vaguely.

"I don't care who she is or where she came from. I never heard of her before and haven't time to see her," came the retort of Mr. Crawford, followed by the slamming of the door.

Triumphantly, the doorkeeper returned to me.

"I am awfully sorry, Miss Pickering, but Mr. Crawford says he doesn't know you and is too busy to see you."

Part of the next act I watched from behind the scenes, a pleasure I always enjoy, for it carries me back to those years when I belonged to the theatre instead of to the studio.

"Do you think you will ever return to the stage?" has been asked me hundreds and hundreds of times.

"I hope so," is my answer.

But the atmosphere of the theatre seems more false to me than it ever did. For instance, in this very play, the women on the stage are waving farewells to the soldiers who ride off on horseback. In pictures how much more touching it would be—the farewells to the mothers, wives and children, showing a series of the lonely, gaping homes of a dozen soldiers, and the hundreds of sweethearts, mothers and children. Then there would be a beautiful scene of the soldiers springing into their saddles and another picture of the horses galloping through the river, climbing up the steep bank, and over the hilltop to battle.

But here, sitting in a row, are four or five stage carpenters, imitating as best they can the sound of horses' hoofs with empty cocoanut shells on a slab of marble.

In pictures, when the storm blows over the coast, it shows vast wind-swept fields with bending trees and the spiral sweep of dead leaves, hurled in geyser fashion toward the sky. But on the stage, a stage hand blows upon the singing siren reeds, other stage hands beat out the thunder on huge tin sheets, while barrels of white paper snow sift against the window pane, blown there by bellows.

It seems to me that if I walked on the stage in a heavy fur coat with paper snow sprinkled on my collar, and had to speak lines informing the audience of the magnificent snow-storm through which I had barely crawled, I would laugh.

There is much that could be improved in pictures, but at least we have brought you very, very close to nature in all her magnificent moods.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

FEAR THE DRAWBACK TO SUCCESS.

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Marblehead.

To begin with, I am eager to warn girls that fearlessness and foolhardiness will ever be divorced. Girls who become moving picture actresses and plunge into all sorts of danger are foolish—that does not build for success—it destroys. But I mean the imaginary fears which ferment within one's mind—the fear of failure, the fear of impending trouble when there are no shadows on the horizon, the fear of the press, and the fear of other people's opinion.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is the greatest actress in the world, has told in an interview that she has never known what it is to fear. "It is the fear of old age which causes wrinkles and gray hair, and I could not afford to be an old lady before my time," she laughed, not trying to hide her three-score years and ten.

"Have you no fear of death?" the three surgeons asked her as their footsteps faltered upon the threshold of the operating room. This was only two years ago when Mme. Bernhardt went through the frightful ordeal of having a limb amputated. She laughed at them. "Are you afraid, my friends?"

The physicians could not lie to her—they turned and stared at each other solemnly, then back to this wonderful woman gazing into their faces with her tender, reassuring smile.

"Gentlemen, please do not be frightened—it is I who should tremble, but see—I laugh in the face of danger," and she placed her cool, unfaltering hand upon theirs.

After the operation, when visitors were allowed to call, they looked at her with eyes of sorrow.

"I would rather be despised than pitied" she told them, "especially when I deserve it. Feeling sorry for oneself is a mental condition—I rose above that in my youth."

Now Mme. Bernhardt has returned to this country, and the other day an actor who had seen her told me that the newspapers, disregarding her pleas, had written long accounts of her suffering. It was only out of pity they were written—the pity that

Mme. Bernhardt says herself she neither asked nor deserved. But the press felt that the American public did not sufficiently appreciate the Divine Sarah, and by making them realize the extent of her agonized efforts upon the stage, larger audiences would be attracted. But as Bernhardt told them, "You will find out, my good friends, that people will prefer to stay away."

Of course Mme. Bernhardt walks with difficulty but her golden voice remains unchanged and the indomitable spirit is always there. She is beautiful in the eyes of those who love her, and there is no one in this generation who has stepped in to take her place in our hearts.

Learning this lesson from Madame Bernhardt, I have always tried to follow her ideals regarding her work and her attitude toward the world.

"Worry is the death of happiness, but hard work keeps one young." Years ago Madame Bernhardt told me this. "How many young girls kill their opportunities by looking only upon the gloomy side of life!"

When we were very little children, as poor as we were, my mother always set us searching for the sunbeams. The other children in the neighborhood had prettier dresses, but Lottie and I always believed ours were far the most attractive because they were not "store clothes." Our mother's own hands had made them.

In winter each of us wore a serviceable gray scarf around the neck. Sometimes the other children made fun of them for theirs were of gaudy rainbow colors. But we closed our ears to their teasing and remembered only that our grandmother, who sat in her invalid chair all day long, had knitted them for us, with tired, loving fingers.

Because of their love, we were not afraid to face the taunts of the other children, and for the first lesson in our lives realized that it is fear of other people's opinions which causes the greatest sorrow and discomforts.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE WOMAN WHO NAGGED HER HUSBAND.

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The other afternoon I had tea at the home of one of the famous actresses in New York. We discussed candidly and analytically the most weighty experiences in our lives. Most of the women were married; most of them had known much joy, and all of them had lived through heart-breaking sorrows.

The first actress who spoke of her life with her husband was a well-known comedienne. She had married an actor who, five years ago, gave up the stage to become a producer.

Raised in a New England family, I had always been taught that a woman's duty rests entirely within her own home," said this woman. "During our engagement, I made all my plans to retire from the stage as soon as we were married. My husband—afraid I would be lonely, for at that time he was starring in vaudeville—urged me to take up a small apartment, a 'nest' he called it, and shake the responsibilities of a large home, an expense which necessarily would keep me from accompanying him.

"But I was determined; I thought it was a good wife's duty to make a home for her husband. As a young girl I had been a very energetic housekeeper and, as a wife in a home of my own, I gave up my whole time to the labor of managing, machine fashion, this house.

"Jack, who had been used to the easy living of a bachelors' club, though he did not remonstrate during the first golden honeymoon days, soon grew tired of the alarm clock startling him at the same hour every morning. It made no difference what time he came in the night before, I always demanded that we should have our breakfast by 9 o'clock. Insisting on this, I nagged John into the habit.

"The cosy drawing-room and library which he had dreamed of and planned before our marriage, visualizing bookcases, a comfortable chair, a smoking jacket and all the accessories of comfort, were carried out according to my idea, not his. I had never been able to tolerate smoke and ashes on the floor annoyed me. Although I begged him not to, occasionally John would smoke. At first he laughed at me when I would follow him around with the dustpan and broom; then it began to annoy him.

"During the first days of our marriage he would come home for dinner, enthusiastically bringing some of his friends. I was always angry; it disturbed the plans of our well-regulated household. Now, as I look back upon those days, I know that I humiliated him by my coldness to his guests, for often after dinner they would find some excuse to hurry back to the cheerful club where they could lounge about in comfort, enjoy their highballs, or play cards until 2 or 3 in the morning.

"In our neighborhood there lived a very happy little couple, both vaudeville artists, and their home was a professional rendezvous. John and I were invited there to spend many evenings. It was always he who accepted the invitations enthusiastically, which piqued and rather hurt me. Although Jane and I were very dear friends, I did not approve of her methods of housekeeping. Her home distressed me. It was always a hodge-podge of comfortable chairs, ash-sold carpets, and smoked ceilings. There were invariably half a dozen newspapers strewn around the floor and the dining-room was eternally upset by the guests. However, they enjoyed the privilege of helping themselves to the good things stored in the refrigerator, those dainties which Jane, a good cook, always provided for them.

"Two years passed by and, to my great surprise, I realized that John and I were no longer contented with each other. A dozen times he had told me he wished I were more like Jane. The last time we quarreled I sought my friend.

"Why is it you are so happy in your home?" I asked her.

"It is because," and she looked at me sympathetically, "I believe a man's home should be his club—that he has as many rights there as his wife—and that as he

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

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THE GOLDBRICK WOMAN.

The woman who had written a successful comedy and was now very wealthy told us the true story of her life, although the newspapers flaunted its vulgar details in large type six years ago.

"Sometimes it is more the man's fault than it is the woman's that the breach yawns between them," she began, "but in my heart I know that I am almost entirely to blame. If I had married when I was eighteen, I would be more lenient with myself, but I was a woman of twenty-five. My husband was thirty-two, a handsome, distinguished man of the world, as you know.

"As for being in love, I always think I was more in love than he, feeling always that he had been infatuated and carried away by my piquant beauty, which has attracted many but held few. When I was a young girl, I had always been told I was beautiful and I preferred to believe their words to the mirror, which mocked me in the mornings and evenings when I had strayed away from the makeup box. Although my features were rather even, I was colorless.

"My hair when waved and dressed gave the appearance of being very luxuriant, but half the effect was produced by a beautiful switch and the curling irons. After years of the irons, my hair was broken into a hundred different lengths, so at night, to preserve what little was left, I did it up on kids. As my skin was always very delicate and inclined to be chapped, I cold-creamed it heavily at night, at the same time putting a little white vaseline on my eyelashes and eyebrows to insure their growth.

"That was my case," spoke up a woman whose comedy was a success on Broadway last season. And tomorrow I will tell you her story.

Answers to Correspondents.

Velma H.—"Fanchon the Cricket" was taken at the Famous Players studio in Yonkers. The beautiful out-of-door scenery you admired was taken not far from New York or Connecticut.

C. S.—Indeed our tears are real. It is natural for us to cry when the scene is pathetic as it is for you to weep when you sit as one of the audience and are touched by our acting.

M. S.—I wore a wig in "Poor Little Pepina" and of course did not have my own curls cut off.

N. W.—Scenarios which directors can work from in producing a picture are not wanted from amateurs. Send a full, well-written synopsis of your plot.

T. M.—Photoplay acting can certainly not be taught by mail. You may learn the theory, as you contend, but the same is true of music, yet I am sure you would not try to learn singing by mail.

Nellie E.—By ice baths, I do not mean plunging into ice water. I take a piece of ice wrapped in a towel and massage my face with it, and in summer take a cold tub every morning.

MARY PICKFORD.

had lured him by my prettiness and driven him away by my ugliness.

"I had read and heard of women winning their husbands back by making them jealous so in my feeble but futile effort, I did everything in my power to be so physically attractive that he would notice me. It was too late.

"A year passed by. My husband accepted a London engagement and I was left in New York. At the end of another year he wrote me, telling me he did not love me and asking me to divorce him on the grounds of desertion. Although my heart was breaking, I obeyed him and a few months after the final decree was granted, he married the little woman appearing in his company. They have a charming bungalow in Cos Cob and she has had two beautiful children.

"A few years ago I married a stock actor, who loves untidiness and enjoys the luxury of having his feet upon the table and smoking strong, inexpensive cigars which litter up the floor. Sometimes out of the window I see my former husband, his wife and the children pass with happy smiles on their faces, and I turn toward the man to whom I am now married. But alas! he is too interested in his cards, his bottle and his friends to notice his tidy, dainty little wife, who learned too late the value of a charming appearance."

Answers to Correspondents.

Evelyn D.—It takes more than being a good swimmer to become successful in moving pictures, as there are few opportunities for displaying one's ability at swimming.

T. P.—Have you ever tried using boracic acid on your eyes in the morning? Then at night put a little white vaseline on the lids.

A. L.—If your hair is inclined to be wavy, try dampening it and waving it over combs—what is called water waving.

H. B.—Henry Kolker played the stellar role in "The Warning," and the scenes you refer to as weird were secured by double photography.

Hamilton P.—A man or boy can secure his start in the movies just as I have advised the girls. Start as an extra man and you will secure your first chance according to your type and the demand for it.

Hettie C. F.—The first actor you mention is not married. The second is not only married but has five beautiful children.

MARY PICKFORD

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

MARRYING MONEY.

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In our company there is a very beautiful woman of 32 who is married to a paralytic of 60. They are in rather straitened circumstances. She has never been very successful on the stage but earns enough as a character actress to care for her husband and herself. She does not speak of her story but we of the profession know it.

The youth of this actress was spent in a small town in Virginia on an old plantation which had been devastated by the war. Her people, very proud, were poor aristocrats and opposed her engagement to a young inventor.

Because of her mother's ambitions, the girl left home to come to New York. In Virginia, her voice had brought her considerable notice. In New York she was engaged as governess for three children, the elder, a young girl who was studying singing.

The spring following, she left this family and was engaged by a well-known director for a small part in one of the musical comedies. The salary was double that which she received as governess and she accepted it gladly. Because of her youth and beauty she attracted considerable attention and was introduced to the wealthy man who was backing the company. He was a man of 50, a power in Wall street, a man whose name as a spectacular spender had made him one of the most talked of figures in the theatrical world.

Gossip linked the two names together, but there was nothing wrong in the man's regard for the young girl—he had asked her to be his wife.

Her mother and father, coming from Virginia to visit her, urged this marriage and the girl, dreaming of the magnificent home and the power of money which her husband would bring into her life, wrote a letter of farewell to the boy in the south and married the millionaire.

The public knows of their unhappiness. The papers hinted at his carousals and his wine parties to young chorus girls, only a few months after their marriage. But they did not know that down in Virginia the young boy, with a broken heart, completed the invention which has made him today one of the recognized geniuses of this country.

Two years ago, a few months after the boy's marriage to a simple little girl who had stolen into his life to heal the wounds left by his first unhappy love, the Wall street broker, in a cotton pair, lost in 24 hours his entire fortune. Their home was sold, their automobiles were disposed of. There were thousands of dollars of debts to pay, for sensing the collapse, the broker had plunged and borrowed heavily.

The shock of his harrowing losses brought on the first stroke of paralysis. Six months later there came a second stroke, and, from that day to this, he has been a hopeless invalid, needing the care of a nurse and the daily attendance of a doctor.

The inventor and his wife have their beautiful home on the Hudson, while the girl who married the old man for his money is struggling hard as a character actress to earn enough to pay the rent of a small Harlem flat.

I often wonder if she dares to allow herself to dream of the past, of that happiness which might have been had she not sacrificed the joy of true love for the uncertain pulse of money.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEVIL.
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TODAY at the Plaza hotel where I was having luncheon with a famous dancer, we noticed at an adjoining table two very pretty young girls. During the course of the luncheon these girls drank a cocktail apiece and a bottle of wine.

"What a pity!" I could not help remarking. They looked so young and so fresh, so flushed and giddy as the drinks took effect.

"It was not many years ago when I had a serious fight to overcome the damnation of drink," the dancer told me, "a habit which I formed when a very young girl, during my first days on the stage. It was in a musical comedy when there were many uncertain types. The season was in the heart of winter. I, who could afford only a small room in a cheap lodging house and very few warm clothes, would come shivering into the theatre. During rehearsals the stage was never heated and, while I was wait-

ing, I would suffer from the intense cold and the draughts.

"One afternoon my bones were aching with the grippe, when one of the girls, seeing me huddled in a corner, called me into her dressing room. Over the alcohol lamp they were boiling some water. When this was ready, she drew a flask of whisky from its hiding place and made me a hot toddy.

"'Drink this,' she insisted, 'you need it and it will make you feel better.'

"I refused it at first, remembering the promise I had made my father when I left home. Two or three of the other girls came in and laughed at me. They were older girls than I and had suffered more experience.

Their laughter provoked and embarrassed me. I really took that drink not because I thought it would help me, but because I was ashamed to refuse it before these worldly-wise chorus girls.

"A few minutes later when we were called to our turn I almost felt a thrill of pleasure as the warm blood surged through my veins. The next rehearsal, when I was invited in to have a hot toddy, I did not object, in fact, before the evening was over, I had taken two.

"During that winter I made it a habit to warm myself with a drink. I found it not only made me feel in a happier frame of mind, but that I was more bold, more daring and less afraid of the critical eyes of the audience.

"When the winter was over and spring came, I discarded the hot drinks for highballs or the villainous mixed drinks which soon destroy the tissues of the body and the brain cells. Sometimes, on an empty stomach, I would drink too much and often I saw the manager watching with gimlet eyes as I tripped unsteadily across the stage. But by that time the habit was becoming so strong that I could not go on without this false stimulant.

"My father came to visit me and for two or three days I struggled to do without drinking. He had planned to leave one evening, expecting to catch the 7 o'clock train. As soon as I was sure he had gone I hurried to my dressing room and emptied half a flask of whisky before the bell called us on the stage.

"Gradually breaking under the strain, it was more than my system could stand, and at the end of the first act when I was left alone on the stage to do a solo dance, everything suddenly whirled around, the lights grew dim and the faces of the audience undulated like heat waves. My limbs were of lead and I felt myself slipping like one who falls in a dream over a terrible precipice.

"When I came to, I was in my dressing room and there was a strange face bending over me. It was the emergency doctor who had been called in to bring me out of my faint. The stage manager was keeping the curious onlookers away from the door, while standing beside him with sunken eyes and bent shoulders was my father, who had missed his train.

"How long have you known of this girl's drinking?" I heard the doctor ask.

"We've noticed her walking unsteadily several times," the stage manager replied. "Only tonight she was to be given her notice."

"In spite of my promises to my father, another year went by and I traveled from one office to the other, obtaining few engagements but losing them immediately through this curse of the devil. My fiance broke his engagement and married another girl from my own town. The newspapers spoke of my hopeless condition, the managers refused to grant me an interview, until I was forced into accepting menial positions in cheap cabarets.

"And then came the awakening—the physical and mental struggle, the slow, tedious climb, until finally I reached again the position I had discarded through my own shortcomings."

This is not the story of but one, it is the story of thousands. And if girls only realized before it was too late what they must suffer if they sin, I am sure they would consider well their landing place before they leap.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE TRAGEDY OF AN ACTRESS.

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One of America's favorite actresses has secured a divorce from her husband and the newspaper and gossips are buzzing with the news of it. I have known her for many years and this is the story she told us:

"We were married very young and as the years passed by, we drifted apart like many couples whose interests carry them to different fields. I was an actress—he was an architect. The stage did not amuse him—a discussion of buildings was always a bore to me.

"I remember the time he confided that he was writing a play. I laughed at him, nor would I ever listen to his reading it. That winter, when business was dull, he worked unceasingly and in the spring submitted the play to a well-known manager. While it was faulty in construction and there were many errors in dramatic incident, the manager had the play rebuilt and that season it was produced. It is still running in New York and on the road, a phenomenal success.

"I made my husband very wealthy and I enjoyed the luxury of his money. But I did not love him. For two years I had been infatuated with the actor who was my leading man. Unfortunately, he was married. His wife was an invalid, living in their country home in California. If he had been single I would have left my own husband, but I calculated coldly that I would gain nothing by demanding my freedom and having to rely upon my own salary to support my extravagances.

"My husband was called West on business and I rejoiced. Although my conscience was clear as to the love I felt for this other man, at the same time I was miserably unhappy. My husband adored me—or this I was sure. The actor's wife had loved him for fifteen years and was the mother of his children. He would never divorce her.

"Then a telegram came telling him of his wife's death, and he was free. There was a strong dramatic scene between us.

"'You must divorce your husband,' he pleaded with me. 'You cannot live with a man you do not care for when you have given your love to another.'

"But I dared not answer him then, imploring him to wait until I could consider my divorce from every angle. I made myself believe that my obligation to my husband should be my first consideration.

"I have been offered a London engagement," the actor told me after one of our long, tragic interviews. "Tomorrow the Lusitania sails and I will leave if you do not care enough about me to give up these unhappy ties which keep you from me."

"Although I was sure I loved him, I turned away.

"'Wait until my husband returns,' I

implored him. 'He will be here at 9 o'clock tomorrow.'

"There will be no tomorrow for us," he replied sadly, looking deep into my eyes before he turned and walked away. "At 9 o'clock I met my husband at the Grand Central. Upon our arrival he told me quietly but tensely that in the West he had met a woman whom he loved and he asked me to secure a divorce. With a joyous cry, I hurried to the telephone. The clerk at the hotel informed me that the actor had left and was on his way to the dock.

"Frightened, I ordered an automobile. The machine was late in reaching the house; we had only twenty minutes to make the pier. It was at the hour when the traffic was heavy and we were stopped at every corner. The minutes passed on lightning wings, and just as we reached the wharf the great Lusitania sailed on her last trip.

"My husband heard my story and understood.

"A year passed, and we lived under the same roof, but in two different worlds. And now that there are only scars in my heart, I am going through this divorce which will give him his freedom to go to the woman he loves."

You who see only the beauty and the glamor of the footlights must realize that the actors and actresses are like clowns who eternally laugh with tears in their hearts.

Answers to Correspondents.

Josephine T.—Coney Island is closed during the winter. I do not think Charlie Chaplin ever took a picture there. The concession you saw was undoubtedly Long Beach, Calif.

P. O.—Pauline Frederick is even more beautiful off the screen than on. Her last picture was "Embers of Ashes."

Myrtle F.—My brother Jack is with the Famous Players. He has just finished "Seventeen" and is doing Dickens' "Great Expectations."

G. J. B.—Perhaps ice might agree with your face. I have used it for several years and find that it keeps the tissues firm.

C. D.—It takes from four weeks to two months to produce a five-reel feature picture, and the cost runs from fifteen thousand dollars up.

G. M. J.—My advice is to visit the studios, leave your photograph, address and telephone number with the Casting Director. If you are of the desired type, you will probably be successful in your endeavors to find work.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A FAMOUS ACTRESS TOLD ME.

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We were all seated around a tea table discussing the joy of Billie Burke with her new little baby girl. It inspired one of the actresses to tell the secret tragedy of her life.

"I was only eighteen at the time I was married to my husband, who was, even at the age of twenty-four, recognized as one of the foremost comedians in America. He had come from an old family of celebrated actors and actresses and had dreamed, like his mother and father, of perpetuating their artistic race. In fact, with that idea in his mind, he had insisted that I leave the stage. And to make me contented he built me a beautiful home on the Hudson.

"My mother and I had always been very close to each other, so she was a welcome visitor. In fact, he did everything and gave me everything to insure my happiness.

"Two years passed and it was an endless honeymoon with but one shade hanging over our merry little home—there were no children and I was restless to return to the stage. The following season I secured an engagement and signed a contract without my husband's knowing anything about it. When I told him, he was dumfounded and heartbroken.

"I did not marry an actress but a little wife," he chided me; "it is the most serious disappointment of my life."

"I was piqued at this and angry with him, feeling it was selfishness on his part to want me to stay home and raise a family instead of enjoying a career before the footlights.

"If you are determined to return to the stage, and there was grave disappointment in my mother's voice, 'you should have had your little family to live and to build for.'

"I was furious at this. 'Children ruin a woman's career,' I insisted.

"My mother shook her head.

"There is Ethel Barrymore—the public never loved her as they did after they knew of her beautiful home life with her two children. Mrs. Schumann Heinke claims that with each child there was a new sunbeam in her life and in her voice a higher note."

"I only laughed at my mother, who left my home to live with my older sister. The times my husband was happiest were during his visits to my sister's home. There he was surrounded by the children. Watching him while he played with them, holding them close in his arms, I felt a pang of conscience. But it would only last for a moment—it was submerged by my jealousy and annoyance at his attitude.

"There were two or three little children in his company, and after my scenes were over—for I did not have to appear in the third act—I would wait in his dressing-room for him. Leaving the stage, the children would cling to him until he had disgorged his pockets of candy or little toys which were always hidden there.

"Our play failed and I did not secure another engagement that winter. The

Answers to Correspondents.

M. F.—Marguerite Clark is unmarried. She has resigned her contract with the Famous Players.

A. D.—It was not Norma Talmadge, but her sister, Constance, who played the part of the wild mountain girl in the Babylonian period, in "Intolerance."

Helen A.—Address your letter to Carolyne Blackwell, care of the Peerless Studio, Fort Lee, N. J.

Grace M.—Harold Lockwood and May Allison are not married; neither are Earle Williams and Anita Stewart.

"Constant Reader"—For egg shampoo, if your hair is very blonde, use only the whites, beating them well. Rinse in luke-warm water.

Mavis R. P.—The Chinese use salt for cleaning their teeth. I have used it myself for years.

MARY PICKFORD.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE.

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AS I have often told you, the audience, watching our near-deaths on the screen, very seldom realizes the chances we take with our threads of lives just for their amusement. In fact, I have heard many whispers to this effect, "You can't fool me—Mary Pickford was doubled for that part."

A really serious accident befell us at Marblehead. But after all the dangers we faced, after our bravado and bravery, the public will only read of it through the newspapers. The camera sank to the bottom of the ocean and, when it was raised, the film was taken out of it, developed and discovered to have a dozen flaws.

This was the way it happened to catch us unawares: We had bought a picturesque old hulk which, in the Scotch story we are doing, was supposed to be the houseboat where my fisherman father and I lived.

At the end of the story the boat breaks away from its moorings and is swept from the shore by a treacherous undercurrent. I, Margot, am aboard the ship and at the last moment, when the storm arises and the creaking hull is supposed to be fast sinking, it was destined by the considerate scenario writer that I was to be saved.

The hulk was unfastened from its moorings and as there were several scenes on board the boat before it drifted into high tide, the director, the camera man, two or three of the actors, my maid and I were all on board.

Our property man and carpenters had overhauled the hulk and pronounced it perfectly safe, so there was no fear in our hearts.

We were very busy taking a scene when the hulk suddenly listed and then settled in the water, a wave breaking over the stern. A few seconds later, before we could even call for help, the boat had listed again, another wave drenched us and we were left standing in the water up to our ankles.

Mr. Tourneur, very much excited,

cried out that the boat was going to sink. The hundreds of people on the shore who were watching paid no attention to us; in fact, they were laboring under the delusion that it was part of the scene and we were all prepared for it.

"I don't think there is any chance of the boat going down," I cried out hopefully, but I had no sooner spoken than a wave swept me off my feet and threw me violently against the cabin. I clung on for dear life, I can assure you, while the men set up a shout for help.

It was not until the crowd on the shore saw the camera man unfastening his camera that any stir was made toward sending out a boat to our rescue. It was a cold, sharp day and we were all bundled up well in shawls and fur coats. The men had on heavy sweaters, high boots and mufflers.

The water was deep, the tide was running high, there was an ominous undercurrent and we were 200 feet from the shore. Each wave breaking over us helped fill the cabin and the boat was going to sink. We were now up to our waists in the water and the waves sent icy sprays over our head and shoulders. The camera man, determined that the film should not be injured, climbed up the mast, holding the camera above him.

On the shore the people were now terrified and another boat was launched. But when it reached us, we were all floundering in the water—all except the camera man, who was still clinging to the mast, the water close up around his ears but with one arm still holding his precious burden above the water. Alas! the boat sank too quickly; with a scream we saw the camera man sink, camera and all.

Fortunately, none of us was injured. We were bundled into warm blankets and taken to the hotel to thaw out. But the film was spoiled by the drenching and we shall have to do the scene all over again. The boat will be raised, carpenters must make sure it is safe and the next time we go out we will be prepared with a motor boat and life preservers close at hand.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

INTIMATE STORIES OF PROFESSIONAL MARRIED LIFE.

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TALKING with many actors and actresses, I find they are all willing that the great tragedies of their lives should be made into little stories.

"Perhaps our disappointments, our disillusionments, our wrecked homes and distorted marriages will be of some benefit to those girls who plunge into careers, theatrical and matrimonial, without considering well the serious step they are taking."

And so I have in my scrapbook of experience half a hundred little sketches of episodes in the lives of well-known men and women of the stage.

Some you may recognize, for the newspapers flaunt in ugly headlines each storm-tossed wreck and the professional sea of matrimony is full of under currents. But as it is necessary to suppress their names in these articles, I hope the stories of their lives will be sufficiently entertaining to hold your interest.

Of course, there are not always sorrows and disappointments for professional women. Ethel Barrymore finds her greatest joy in her home. Billy Burke has a little baby girl. Blanche Bates, after one disappointing marriage, is now the most devoted wife and mother I have ever seen.

Geraldine Farrar and Lou Tellegen swear that all their dreams have come true. Marie Dorn, too, is happily married.

Most of the well known moving picture actors and actresses have homes of their own and enjoy—in spite of the busy-tongued gossips—quiet and wedded lives.

Gossip can be greatly distorted and I know many cases of professional couples whose marriages have been destroyed by evil whispers.

In the divorce courts there is now the case of a young juvenile star and his wife, one of the prettiest little ingenues on Broadway. They were happily married until the dissatisfied prying ones could not endure the sight of so much contentment. One by one they came to the little wife and repeated stories of having seen her husband in the company of other women. She began to watch him, always suspicious. Twice she saw him out with women she did not know

and finally her nagging doubt drove him from his home.

One night at the club there were many bottles of wine opened and some men in a hilarious mood suggested a party. The young husband was one of the first to accept. He would rather spend an evening away from home than in the presence of his wife, who was constantly nagging him into a confession of his supposed guilt.

At the party there were several attractive young women. Perhaps it was the wine, perhaps it was because he had been disappointed in his marriage, or perhaps it was just the glow of the evening, but the actor became infatuated with his companion. Two days later they boarded the same train for the west.

The wife was heartbroken, while the same oily gossips came to heap coals of fire upon her head.

"I told you so," was on each tongue. "Why didn't you take our advice in the first place?"

And then the wife turned upon them.

"It is because I listened to you in the first place that I have brought all this unhappiness upon myself," was her retort. "My husband would have been with me now if it hadn't been that you inspired my damning, relentless suspicions."

The gossips listened to her astounded.

"Ah! but there will be a divorce," they whispered as the door slammed upon them. "Didn't we warn her?" And they were right. The husband, heartbroken because of his mistake, sought his wife's forgiveness. Perhaps in her heart she was willing to forgive, but her pride had been too deeply wounded and her faith too bitterly shaken.

Gossips are the bugbear of the profession. As we cannot stamp them out, we have to fly from them in terror. No home is safe from them, no atmosphere is clear because of them.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

POLLY AND SWEETHEART.

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POLLY and Sweetheart are not two little girls I know, but they are two little arms belonging to one wee girl whom I shall call Dorothy May. She is the five-year-old daughter of a professional woman, into whose life there has come a gnawing sorrow.

Last summer, during the epidemic of infantile paralysis, this mother, like many thousands of others, folded her protecting wings around her little girl and flew from the terrors of New York. It was an awful season of fear, doubt, uncertainty, overcrowded hospitals and little white funerals. Not only the poor, but the Fifth avenue and Riverside Drive children were stricken, and Dorothy May's mother, whose life and joy centred upon her daughter, was among the first to emigrate from the plague-stricken city.

They sought a nest far up in the mountains and prepared to remain there all summer, but the arm of destiny is long, and it reached out to touch and maim poor little Dorothy May. Up to that time she was one of the healthiest, happiest children I have ever known; in fact, we called her "Miss Rosy Cheeks." At first I could not believe it when a letter came saying this little girl was lying in a hospital a hopeless paralytic.

"She will die," the friends who had been her told me. "Poor active little child! She is like a wild bird in a smothering cage."

A few weeks ago they brought her home to New York. I saw her then for the first time since her illness, a little, thin, white, pinched child, leaning heavily on a crutch, dragging one useless limb after her. She can use her right arm and fortunately her brain is not affected, but her left arm dangles limp in her sleeve.

The most beautiful lesson I have ever learned is from the patience and cheerfulness of that mother, who realizes that only through the child's effort to use the helpless limbs can she ever recover. The child is too young to understand the law of cause and effect so the mother devised a wonderful game.

"Polly" is the strong, right arm,

who can play the scales on the piano, turn over the leaves of the school books, comb her hair, or dress and undress the dolls. "Sweetheart" is the invalid arm.

Now to Dorothy May, Sweetheart and Polly are her constant playmates. Sweetheart has been ill, of course, but she is going to get better—that is if Polly is patient and gentle. Dorothy May talks to her little friends quite as if the room were peopled with living and playful children.

"Sweetheart, you are lazy," Polly says to her companion. "You are letting me do all of the work and not trying to help me one little bit."

And therefore Sweetheart is ashamed and tries so hard to hold one cover of the book.

"Yesterday," so Dorothy May told me, "without Polly's helping at all, Sweetheart leaned over and her fingers picked up a doll."

I did not dare listen to any more for fear the tears in my eyes would make the little girl realize the pathos and the tragedy. Her mother tells me that each day she sees the child improving.

She does not feel so lonely for other children, because Polly and Sweetheart are two very entertaining little comrades. Each day she tells me how Sweetheart is improving, and all because Polly is so willing to help her, help her.

Sometimes Polly is in a very naughty mood; she wants to romp and play, and she is angry because Sweetheart makes her stay in the house all day.

"That's why," Dorothy May tells us, "I scold Sweetheart. You must hurry up and get well and not keep Polly in when the snow time comes. Polly likes to throw snowballs, but she cannot make them unless Sweetheart gets well enough to help her."

The doctors who had shaken their heads gravely over the case now feel there is hope for little Dorothy May. By spring they think she will be walking without a crutch, and in two or three years Sweetheart will be quite as well as Polly.

When Dorothy May grows up she will realize how much she owes to her tender, patient, faithful mother, to that mother love which is the sunshine of the whole world.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1916.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1916.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE TRAGEDY OF AN OLD MAID.
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THERE is a character actress in our company whom we call "the old maid." In fact, for the last two or three years she has assumed nothing but the roles of spinsters. She is tall, slender, with gray hair and a sweet, smiling face. There is much of the mother about her and when any of us are in doubt and trouble, it is she whom we seek for consolation and advice. We all have our stories; this is hers, as she told it to me in her dressing-room, only a few days ago, while she sent her little protege, Jack, a cunning boy of eight, out to play with the other children.

Fifteen years ago I was engaged to marry a young lawyer. Although in my profession I had met many attractive men, he was the only one I ever loved.

We were planning a very beautiful wedding in the spring and a year's honeymoon abroad. The architect had already submitted plans for our little home and I was thrilled with the thoughts of our future.

But like all ideal matches, there was one most serious flaw—he was foolishly jealous of me. When I was in plays where there were any love scenes, he would leave the theatre rather than see me in the arms of the leading man.

"How can you have another man's arms around you and allow yourself to be kissed if in some small measure you do not return his advances?" he would say.

"Often it was necessary for me to lunch or dine with managers or directors interested in our company, and occasionally with a newspaper man. Then my fiance became my prosecuting attorney and I was grilled for hours. My mother, who had spent 20 years with my father, a jealous man, told me there was no love great enough to compensate for the damned sorrow of suspicious jealousy.

If by any chance I was late for an appointment with him he would question me as he would the defendant whose case he was fighting.

One day the brother of an old school friend brought me a letter of introduction. He was a great good-looking boy, a year or two younger than I. We were playing in San Francisco at the time, and he was on his way to Australia. I showed the letter to my fiance the evening he was departing to Los Angeles to be away two weeks on a case.

"But you are not going to see him?" he asked me, with a worried look in his eyes.

I laughed at him.

For Emily's sake I must arrange some little parties for his entertainment."

"The boy was very much in love with a young girl in Kentucky—this he confided to me almost on our first

meeting. But he was lonely and he was going across the seas to be gone a year. These thoughts were appealing to him, and he clung to me, not only because I appeared so sympathetic, but you see, I was an old schoolmate of his sister, whom he adored.

"Each night I wrote a letter to my fiance and each morning a letter arrived from him. There was one page of love and hope, and seven or eight pages of criticism. He had heard of my being seen in the company of this handsome Kentuckian, morning, noon and night.

"When he returned I promised for his sake not to see the boy again. A week went by; then one afternoon while I was waiting for a girl friend to meet me at the Palace hotel, the boy strolled in. I was sitting at one of the little tables in the reception room, and in his joy of finding me again—for I had successfully eluded him—he drew up a chair beside me and ordered tea for two.

"The girl did not arrive and during the hour I waited I was with the boy. Fate sent my fiance to the Palace hotel and he saw us there, the boy's chair drawn very close to mine, his hand clutching my arm, his eyes glowing. For he was telling me the maddeningly joyous news that the girl in Kentucky was on her way to San Francisco to marry him and sail with him to Australia.

"That evening I did not hear from my fiance. Another day passed and I could not locate him. The following morning it was my mother who brought me the terrible news; without my even seeing him, he had left the Palace hotel, and in one mad, drunken moment married a girl of the demi-monde.

"For two weeks I lay in the state of coma—then my senses gradually returned. One afternoon, a month after his marriage, he called to see me. He had heard from the Kentucky boy and had come to a full realization of the crime he had committed against us both."

"My marriage can be annulled," he told me after a heartbroken interview, but I shook my head.

"The woman had a child, a little boy. When he was only a few months old, she deserted him, going to Paris with another man. The father, called the boy 'Jack' after me—my real name was Jacqueline. For the child's sake he urged a marriage between us, but I, with a broken heart, could not accept him.

"Five years ago he died, and on his deathbed I promised to raise the little boy. He is the image of his father, and I am glad that, in my old age, I shall have him to love and depend upon."

Here the door of the dressing-room opened and the child came romping in.

"Mother, dear," he cried, as he climbed into her lap, putting his arms around her and hugging her close, "Mother, dear, I love you!"

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE MAN WHO MARRIED A GENIUS.

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ISHALL have to call the woman in our story Margaret, and her husband Frank, for it is the story of two prominent professional artists. Margaret was the leading woman of an obscure little stock company in one of the middle western states. Frank was recognized as a successful young actor, playing opposite a brilliant Broadway star.

In one of his season's tours on the road, he played for a few days in the small middle western town where Margaret was playing. Frank's company had intended leaving on Saturday night, but a terrible storm blew up, the trains were blocked and they were forced to remain until the following evening. To while away the hours, they went to the little theatre of the stock company, intending to enjoy and ridicule at the same time.

While all of the direction and most of the sets were very crude, there was one little actress who shone forth like a diamond in a German silver setting. It was Margaret.

Margaret had an apartment at the hotel where Frank's company was staying and the manager introduced her to the star of the Broadway production.

Frank fell in love with her at sight and, as he traveled through the country, he corresponded with her.

Returning to New York, the star, remembering the whimsical beauty and voice of the little actress, interested one of the big New York producers. Margaret was sent for and given a chance.

From the moment she stepped off the train at the Grand Central station, Frank was on hand, becoming a steady courier and courtier until Margaret finally consented to marry him.

Back home in the little town, Margaret was thought to have made a great match—she, a little nobody, was marrying a Broadway actor with the enormous salary of \$100 a week.

The coldness of the New York audience and the part which was too big for her, frightened her, and in the first play, Margaret failed. But Mr.

Frohman was not discouraged. He still believed in her and the following season had a play written around her personality.

Margaret's husband was given the role opposite her. From the advertising standpoint, he was the only drawing power. But the critics and the public, following the opening night, heralded Margaret as the greatest find of the season. A few lines were given to the husband's clever character portrayal, but Margaret's pictures and press notices were flaunted from magazines to billboards. She was beautiful, she was clever, she was young, she was all the public asked for.

The following year she appeared in another play, even a greater success than the former. Once more her husband was given a chance in her company, but it was a very small, colorless role. In their praise of Margaret, they forgot about Frank.

At first Frank did not resent his wife's success, until he saw that it was taking her away from her home. And then his pride was trampled on—he was known only as Margaret's husband. Instead of speaking of his clever work, as they had done previously, the critics mentioned first that he was the husband of the most successful young actress in America.

When he appeared in vaudeville he was billed as Margaret's husband. When he was introduced to anyone the third person would always add "Mr. — has the distinction of being Margaret's husband."

No longer was he the happy-go-lucky, carefree boy who had courted the obscure little actress of the middle west. He was really as negative in his own home as the furniture, and it was not often he could see his wife, so surrounded was she by the admiring public, clamoring managers, and the press.

One never hears of Frank these days. No one asks what he is doing.

"I am just the shadow," he said to me the other day, "the shadow thrown by a great, scintillating light

Margaret is ashamed of me, because I have not risen to such heights as she. In a year from now we will be separated. I tell you, Miss Pickford, it all goes to prove that one of the hardest burdens a man has to shoulder is to be married to a genius."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER.

LIVING in a charming little apartment not far from me is a very happy young married couple. Laura is a dainty, golden-haired blonde. Harry is big and dark and broad-shouldered.

They are both vaudeville artists, and for the past three seasons have been playing in one successful comedy.

Several years ago it was rumored that Laura and Harry were about to separate; in fact, there were some ugly reports which spread their wings over the pages of the newspapers. No divorce had been filed, but Laura confided to some of her friends that wedded life had been a great disappointment.

She had found out too late that Harry enjoyed his club more than his home. Three or four evenings of the week he would spend with the "boys" arriving home in the wee hours of the morning, climbing the stairs with uncertain steps and finding difficulty in locating at him through half lowered lids.

"Slo, fellows," was her greeting, as she staggered forward and slapped Harry on the shoulder. "Howdy."

Harry looked at her astounded, at first believing her ill, then realizing, as she lurched toward him that she was intoxicated! Laura, imitating his own manner, fell over the table and chairs, scattered the dishes, poured out glasses of wine and toasted to the men, who were not only surprised but horrified at this exhibition. She insisted upon dancing and doing her imitation. She threw her arms around her husband's neck and made foolish, irresponsible love to him.

"I suppose you are going to tell me everything is ended between us." He began, in a swaggering, bantering mood.

Laura shook her head sadly.

"I cannot tell you that for it is not the truth," was her calm reply. "I love you and I am going to stick to you. The only thing I ask of you is a promise that you will never drink again."

He promised as faithfully as he could under these circumstances—and the following afternoon came home, feeling more unsteady than before.

"When you go out on these parties, Why don't you take me with you?"

But he shook his head.

"I wouldn't want my little wife to be drinking and carousing—she's the only ideal I have in my life: please do not disillusion me?"

"But you care nothing for my ails!" came her retort. You don't mind humiliating me before my friends. How would you like to have me turn the tables on you?"

When she looked around for his answer, she found him sleeping peacefully, his body stretched out on a chair, his head thrown back and his mouth gaping open.

The following Saturday evening, Harry invited some of his friends for dinner. Reaching home, he found Laura had gone out in the afternoon, leaving word she didn't know what time she would return. The cook had prepared the dinner; they waited an hour and then sat down to the table. The guests enjoyed the dinner, but Harry could hardly choke the dinner down, so worried was he. This was the first time Laura had ever disappointed him.

At 8 o'clock, just as they were finishing dinner, he heard her voice outside in the hall. She was singing and laughing hysterically, and there was a new note he could not comprehend, which terrified him. The door opened and Laura was standing there, looking at him through half lowered lids.

"Slo, fellows," was her greeting, as she staggered forward and slapped Harry on the shoulder. "Howdy."

Harry looked at her astounded, at first believing her ill, then realizing, as she lurched toward him that she was intoxicated! Laura, imitating his own manner, fell over the table and chairs, scattered the dishes, poured out glasses of wine and toasted to the men, who were not only surprised but horrified at this exhibition. She insisted upon dancing and doing her imitation. She threw her arms around her husband's neck and made foolish, irresponsible love to him.

The guests sorry for Harry, found plausible excuses, and left one by one, until Harry was alone with his wife. She had fallen across a chair and was lying half on the couch and half on the floor. Harry, afraid to look at her, with an aching heart, turned and walked over to the fireplace. Sinking into a chair, he buried his face in his hands.

It was then that Laura crept over and kneeled beside him. She had not been drinking, for Laura was the type of woman who never would drink, no matter what ordeal she was preparing for. But she wanted to give her husband a lesson, to put him in the position in which he had placed her a dozen times before her friends and relatives.

For three years Harry has been on the water wagon, and they are the happiest couple I know—although "Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" does not always prove a universal remedy.

MONDAY DECEMBER 11, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE ANNUAL SCREEN CLUB BALL
(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure
Newspaper Syndicate.)

ON Saturday night a few days ago a galaxy of all the picture stars in New York attended the bewildering Screen club ball in the gold room of the Astor hotel.

The festivities began with a chattering social gathering, then at 12 there was the grand march, in which Billy Quirk, real reel comedian and president of the Screen club, was the guiding spirit. Billy Quirk will be remembered as juvenile star of the old Biograph days, when we were all so happy and prosperous under the direction of D. W. Griffith. With Norma Talmadge as a partner, Mr. Quirk led the marchers through a marvelous and fantastic maze of figures.

"How clever and spontaneous!" remarked his admirers. "Billy certainly is an organizer and director."

Following this, he whispered behind the palm of his hand a confession, to explain the calm and efficient manner with which he accomplished his . "I have rehearsed my part for days and days."

King Baggot was the chairman of the floor committee and it was his most pleasant duty to see that all the es who attended the ball received the club's souvenir. It was a dainty e silver vanity box containing a mirror and powder puff, bearing the insignia of the club.

There were some of the most marvelous gowns worn I have seen this season, and among the beauties whom know best were Pauline Fredericks, Alice Brady, Clara Kimball Young, Viola Dana, Kitty Gordon, Marguerite Clark, Grace Darling, Hazel Dawn, Theda Bara, Louise Huff, Alice Joyce, Bertha Kalisch, Alla Nazimova, Nance O'Neill and Anita Stewart. Clara Kimball Young were a very exquisite gown of apple green

... made over silver, and a beautiful long ermine cape. There were many blondes present that her dark beauty shone in contrast.

Daniel Frohman and Mr. Zukor of the Famous Players were in one of the boxes, holding court all evening.

Between dances we promenaded down the long tapestried halls and stopped to talk with old friends. Among the men present were William A. Brady, Earle Williams, Robert Warwick, Carlyle Blackwell, Holbrook Blinn, Maurice Costello, James Cruze, Arnold Daly, William Gillette, Creighton Hale, DeWolf Hopper, Owen, Tom and Matt Moore, G. M. Anderson (Broncho Billy), Jesse Lasky and Herbert Brenon.

Each year we look forward to this grand ball. Last year it had been so well advertised that the public swarmed there in multitudes and drove us completely into the background. But this year there were very few film fans who had heard anything about the event, so the floor was not overcrowded.

It was 3 or 4 o'clock before the hundred or so of the guests stole into the big dining room of the Astor hotel for supper.

Although we are all interested in the same work, it is very seldom we get a chance to see each other, unless it so happens we are starring at the same studio. As our lives call for us to be at work at 9 o'clock, and we do not leave the studios until long after sundown, there is very little visiting or social life among the moving picture people—at least those who are real workers.

Marguerite Clark was telling me that she very seldom goes out in the evening. "Eight to 12 hours of work make one ready for bed shortly after dinner," and she sighed, folding one tiny little hand over the other and looking—not quite 16!

Moreover, the studios are scattered over the country, and Sunday is no visiting day for moving picture people, as we generally scamper away from the noise of the city.

So that is why we look forward to this yearly event, which attracts us from all parts of the country. It is a harvest of kindly and friendly exchange.

TUESDAY DECEMBER 12, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

AVOIRDUPois!

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Newspaper Syndicate.)

AYEAR ago we moved to one of the family hotels where, during the winter months, the prominent professionals make their home. What a season of gaiety it was, even for those who did not return to the hotel until after their evening performance, arriving just in time for a jolly little supper in the exclusive dining room.

Perhaps it was because we overindulged ourselves in the matter of diet, but, at any rate, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks and I were among a party one evening who remarked upon the astounding fact that all of the ladies and most of the gentlemen of our acquaintance were taking on weight—all except Elsie Janis, who we called the "reed girl."

The gentlemen of the party were distraught by the idea that their wives were losing their beautifully moulded figures and assuming more comfortable and unwieldy proportions. Also they pointed to the same irresistible Elsie and remarked easily behind the palms of their hands that, in the year so-and-so their wives had even been as slender as she.

One evening Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Mrs. Clifton Crawford, Louise Dressler, Ethel Barrymore and I surveyed ourselves in the long mirrors. Of course while I was short and looked considerably smaller than the others, I noticed that I, too, was beginning to plump out "like a leetle Dutch girl."

"Something has to be done," said Ethel Barrymore dramatically.

Downstairs, seated around a table,

were the bachelors and happily married husbands, all surveying their waistbands and regarding their doubling chins in the mirrors. There were Nat Goodwin, John Drew, the Great Scotti, Douglas Fairbanks, Mr. Colt and Clifton Crawford.

"Something has to be done," remarked Douglas Fairbanks dramatically. "We are losing our figures."

"We had better consult our wives," said Clifton Crawford. "They might suggest a remedy."

"I wonder," upstairs remarked Ethel Barrymore Colt, "if we had not better take this weighty matter with our husbands? You know, if we become too uninteresting, we are surely going to lose them!"

It was rather a sad feminine pre-
sence which filed out of the apart-
ment and joined the men at the table

But the subject was not broached again that evening.

Two or three days later, as I walked into the lobby of the hotel, I noticed sitting in one corner was Marie Cahill, pouring over a small, insignificant looking book.

"It must be something of vital interest," I remarked to myself, for in response to my pleasant bow I had received a rather distracted one.

Waiting for the elevator was Mr. John Drew, and he likewise was deviating into a wee, dark volume.

When the maid opened the door of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks' apartment, as I passed by, I saw her sitting in a comfortable chair, her eyes glued to a book similar in proportions to the volumes distributed in the lobby.

That evening, eating his dinner alone, Nat Goodwin took a sparse mouthful, so interested was he in the book he was reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Crawford, at their table, were having a serious discussion and their gesticulations all pointed to the book lying face down on the table; in fact, as far as I could see, Elsie Janis was the only one who had not suddenly acquired the book habit. So I sought her for my adviser. And she laughed.

"Do you remember the discussion we had the other evening about the surplus avoirdupois? Well, we certainly sowed a seed in this hotel; those little books are called "Eat and Grow Thin."

Morning, noon and night the bookworms wore threadbare those little volumes. The whole hotel was turned topsy turvy. The manager was almost distracted; even the chef was beside himself with anger, for strange and unexpected orders came three times a day from the dining room.

The merrymakers and well providers had discarded all the delicacies of the season and, instead, the most frugal suppers were being served.

One tomato, a glass of buttermilk, a single piece of lean roast beef, two slices of gluten toast, a wee cup of coffee without sugar or cream, a villainous cucumber, and all the et ceteras which by authority of the book would reduce them to a mere shadow. Visibly they began to fade. Marie Dressler, for one, lost 40 pounds;

the rest of us lost proportionately. An army of dressmakers was called into the hotel to remodel our gowns. But the last stroke was when the manager of the hotel still annoyed by the abstinence of his guests, provided a diet menu which was called "Breakfast, Luncheon and Dinner for the 'Eats and Grow Thin'"

WEDNESDAY DECEMBER 13, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE PITFALL.

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Newspaper Syndicate.)

ONE afternoon when I was in Pauline Frederick's dressing-room at the Famous Players' studio, we were looking over an album of old pictures. How interesting it was—the photographs of stars in their youth and at the height of their success!

One photograph in particular I exclaimed over. It was the most beautiful face I had ever seen. Closing my eyes I remembered having been introduced to the wrong girl when I was playing in *The Warrens of Virginia*.

"Isn't she Miss So-and-So?" I asked eagerly, "the little leading woman who starred for Mr. Belasco about ten years ago?"

Pauline Fredericks nodded, and as she gazed at the picture, I saw there was a look of regret and pity in her eyes.

"Do you know what has become of her?" I asked and again she nodded.

"It is a very unhappy story," she replied, "but I wish you would use it in one of your little articles. Perhaps even one girl might read it and remember the lesson."

I promised her, and this is the story she told me:

"There was probably no girl who had a more brilliant future than Catherine. She came from a very fine southern family. Her youth had been most guarded, and she secured a position on the stage through the influence of several well-established families. I know the Barrymores admired her and gave her the rare opportunity of playing small parts with them until she had reached such heights that she was capable of starring by herself.

"She was a very rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed young girl, who had never been seriously ill in her life. The only thing that ever seemed to trouble her were intermittent attacks of insomnia.

Specialists said that she had brought the trouble upon herself by eating late suppers after the theatre and prescribed a diet for her. But after a few days she grew tired of it and slunk into her old habits again.

"There were endless weeks of sleepless nights. Confiding her distress to a member of the company, the woman suggested, 'Why don't you try a mild sleeping powder?'

"I hadn't thought of it," the young actress replied. But that evening, returning home from the theatre, she stopped in a drug store and bought a widely advertised powder which had also been recommended by the older woman. The effect was instantaneous.

She slept soundly through most of the night.

"But this desired result only lasted for a week; then the effect of one powder began wearing off. Consequently she doubled the dose, and so on, until she was finally taking eight and ten powders an evening.

"Then she searched for a stronger drug, and finally this lost its effect. Maddened by the desire for these narcotics, she went to any length in hopes of obtaining them. One evening, just for gossip, a friend of hers told the story of another actress whom they both knew slightly.

"Going into her room unawares, I discovered her in the act of hiding a hypodermic in a little ebony box behind her mirror."

"For days and nights the thought of this hypodermic needle haunted the young girl, while, to our surprise, we noticed her cultivating the acquaintance of this woman who was entirely out of her class. Later we discovered the woman had initiated Catherine into the vice of using the needle.

"As the months dragged slowly by, we were horrified to note the changes in the girl. It seemed almost as if overnight youth had fled from her; she had grown prematurely old. Her cheeks had lost their roses; they were withered and sunken; her lips were blue; her eyes were hollow and had the haunted look of one who lived in terror, even of herself.

"The newspapers remarked upon it. The public regretted it but turned to other favorites. Following her engagement with Mr. Belasco, she was starred by another manager, but at the end of eight months her contract was broken.

"Down, down, down she went, until at 30 she had become a hopeless derelict."

"Is she still alive?" I asked, gazing upon the beautiful, young, smiling face of the photograph.

Miss Fredericks bowed her head.

"Not many years ago I saw her for the last time. My maid told me that outside, waiting for me, was a woman who had come there to beg. It was the day before Christmas. The snow was beating against the stage door and the doorman had refused to admit the stranger. So between the acts I went out there and found her huddled against the door, in a ragged summer dress with a thin tattered shawl wound around her head. Most of her mind had been eaten away; there was only now and then a glint of her former self.

"A few days later, after we had done for her all we could, she was taken to an institution. But it was not until last spring that she died."

One little mistake is often the stepping stone to a life's tragedy.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

ASHES OF YESTERDAY'S ROMANCE.

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SOME time ago a diary was found in a trunk belonging to an actress who has left this country to spend the rest of her days in England. She was an American woman, a famous comedienne on two continents and one of the profession's greatest imitators.

Extracts from the diary have been published. They are memoirs of her life on the stage, odd little stories of the great personalities she met and paragraphs of her own itinerant love affairs.

"There is no crime we commit, either against the world or against ourselves we do not pay for in our own heart's blood," she wrote and briefly, from day to day after the period of one year, we traced this story.

Hardly 24 hours of her life had passed without her meeting some man who had been attracted to her. She was very good looking, witty and a world of fun. But, for some reason or other she could never take them seriously.

"Without deep, true love you can never become a great actress," advised an intimate friend.

"This philosophy impressed me," she had written. "I have thought all over—I must love. There is only one man I know whom I could ever learn to care for. Perhaps it is because I am so sure of his unwavering love, or it may be that he interests me because of his seriousness, his poise and his position."

As the days went by the diary told of how she had strengthened his love deliberately by her most alluring charms, and then when the day came and he confessed his deep-rooted affection, she, too, realized that in her desire for experience, she had grown to care for him.

There followed interesting, dramatic inserts about the combative hours when she struggled against this love which was fast overwhelming her. "For days I have refused to see him"—"This afternoon I yielded to the romance of his tender, strong

arms around me"—"These nights I am torturing him by arousing his jealousy"—"His love is waning, and I, afraid of it, carry on my wild flirtations with other men."

For two months there were no memoirs in the diary, and then we read, "He has grown tired of me. He no longer believes in me. I understand it all now; he had fallen in love with an ideal and I was the iconoclast. No one else has come into his life, but he, with terrible calmness, has drifted out of mine."

Then, when she saw she was losing him, with that instinct for self-protection which is so interesting in a woman once her pride is hurt, she told him at their hour of parting that she had never really cared for him—that he was only an experiment. True love she had searched for and found. It was a stimulus—she had hoped to love vicariously so that she might express the divine principles of love through her art.

Stung by the mockery of his words, his love became hatred, and her pride kept her from telling him how she had lied to him. The following January she wrote this brief paragraph,

"There came a little mother woman into his life—a simple, quiet, restful Madonna type, whose love will always be too spiritual for selfishness. Today they were married."

Anonymously this fragment of drama has been printed, but at the end of the diary I found a few scrawled lines in blank verse which had not found their way into the newspapers and the magazines.

"I have seen the man I love with his wife and their baby. Upon my return to my empty, yawning home, I told my servants, 'On Saturday, we leave America for England, never to return.'"

There was a blot as though the pen had fallen from the page—then her unsteady hand had written:

"And when the leaden-twilight comes,

I'll creep
Within its mystic shadows, dear,
To dream of you.

And there at last your ghost will steal.
For one sweet, pulsing hour,
While I, in the ecstasy of my love,

Will dream that you are real."

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE BOOMERANG.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

IN San Francisco I met a most charming society woman, one whose position is unquestioned. She was introduced to me by Minnie Maddern Fiske, and I was invited to her beautiful home, located on what is known in San Francisco as "Nob Hill."

There I met her two lovely daughters, the most popular belles of San Francisco society. Because I was an actress, the young girls were very much interested in hearing about the theatre, and I enjoyed taking them down and showing them our strange little world behind the scenes.

Of course, both of the girls were eager for the stage. But when I knew them better, they showed me the photographs of two handsome boys they were engaged to.

And then a deep, tender look came into the woman's eyes.

"Years ago, when I was a little girl, my father, who had come from the south with a snug little fortune from the sale of our plantation, invested it in the Aurora, Nev., mines. A year later we were penniless.

"The shock killed my father and it was the mother I loved the most. She was one of those gentle aristocrats, a woman in whom I saw the very princess of my old Grimm's Fairy Tales. I was quite sure that she, like the lady of the story book, she would be disturbed by the pebble which has been placed under the eighteenth feather mattress.

The following evening she gave a dazzling dinner party at one of the hotels and among the guests were many well known society people whose names I had read often in the newspapers and magazines.

As we were leaving the hotel after the dinner was over, the limousines were called. It was storming and the car belonging to my hostess was not in sight. While we were all waiting there, a big, broad-shouldered, jolly-looking policeman came up to us:

"Jimmy!" mine lady called.
"Won't you please help me out of this predicament and order another car for me?"

The policeman turned to see who had addressed him and, catching sight of her, a deep, sincere smile crept over his face.

"Oh, good evening, Nancy!"

"Nancy!" Unconsciously most of the dignified women present repeated this familiar name, not quite sure, but hoping their ears had deceived them.

When the policeman, rushing out into the rain, hailed a taxicab and helped us into it, the woman leaned

out and offered her dainty, white-gloved hand. He took it between his own two big, red ones and pressed it, smiling at her.

"How is your mother, Jimmy?" she asked him. "And the children?"

"Foine," he replied, with a bit of a brogue, "and how's your own two darlings?"

"I heard them say this afternoon they were going to call on your mother soon and thank her in person for the apricot jam she sent the other day."

He chuckled a bit and smiled again, as he closed the door of the taxicab.

At supper that evening a very stately woman of the old school sat next to our hostess and found an opportunity to remark upon the impudence of the policeman who had dared to address her, speaking to her familiarly before her friends.

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1916.

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When the policeman, rushing out

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

A PEDIGREED POODLE.

Copyright, 1916, by the McClure
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Monday, Dec. 18.

THE other evening Irving Berlin played a little, unpublished song he had written and Sam Bernard, who was one of Mr. Berlin's guests, sang it for us. It is called Little Rich Girl's Dog, and sympathetically tells of the unfortunate life of the little pup, and who, pampered and petted, can never enjoy the rollicking pleasures of the cur dog who barks joyously at the heels of the happy-go-lucky, raggedy children.

It reminded me of the days in the studio, over a year ago, when we were taking The Foundling. You who have seen the picture remember the scenes where the pound man catches all the children's dogs and throws them into the wagon, while I watching my chance, open the door to let them escape.

We put an advertisement in the paper for 20 small boys to bring their nondescript pets to the studio and such a collection as we had! Big dogs, little dogs, fat dogs, lean dogs, scraggly dogs and dogs with fleas—and all hungry dogs!

After we had passed the lunch boxes around and the boys with their pets were satisfied, we gave them strict orders to remain in the corner and not to let us hear a sound out of them until they were called for the scene.

All went well until a very distinguished visitor arrived, curiosity having brought her from her beautiful, lonely home on Riverside drive. Reading of the life of the studio, she was eager to catch a glimpse of it, so she had obtained permission from the studio manager to watch us on the stage. I was the first one to brush past her and as I was dressed in the dirty, ragged clothes of the foundling, she drew away from me in disgust, while the little silken poodle she carried on her arm leaned over and snapped at me viciously.

The woman raised her lorgnettes and regarded us with amazement and amusement, while in the background 20 cur dogs fixed 20 pairs of eyes upon the huge pink satin bow around Fifi's silken throat. Fifi was obstreperous. He snapped and barked and growled at everything he saw until the director found it necessary to ask the woman to tie Fifi out of the way.

At first she was indignant, but so interested was she in the taking of the scene that after one of the best studio pillows had been brought for Fifi's comfort, she decided to make him a prisoner.

Five minutes later I noticed that Fifi was very busily engaged chewing at the string which tied him to the back of a chair. At last, after easy efforts, he wrenched himself free and, with a bound, jumped from the pillow to the dirty floor. Then without the warning which would have made it possible for his mistress to have rescued him in time, he bounded over to where 20 ragged boys guarded their restless "houn' dawgs."

The sight of this animated little powder puff, tied with a large pink ribbon dancing toward them—a sight they had never seen before—startled them so that pandemonium broke loose. Never in my life have I heard such a roaring and such a barking! With ashen face and crying for help at the top of her lungs, the wealthy

woman rushed forward to save her pet.

But alas, it was too late! The 20 dogs had not dined upon Fifi—quite the contrary—it was Fifi who was making a terrific though futile effort at devouring them. So terrified were they by the little toy poodle that, with dismayed howls, they had all broken loose from the boys, dashingly through our sets.

Fifi was rescued, but not until he had enjoyed five hoydenish moments of freedom. He had really lived at last! He was dirty—the pink ribbon was torn and dragging on the floor—but there was a triumphant expression in the little dog's eyes, which did not become sobered and bored until he once more found himself in the arms of his distracted mistress, who sought to comfort him by her frantic sympathy and tender caresses.

She is only one of the thousands of women who dwell in lonely homes—in fact the husband of this woman, longing for children, had left her several years ago. But she did not care. No one in her set believed in those ungrateful miseries—children!

When the mothers of the 20 grinning, full-blooded youngsters came to the studio for their children after the day's work was done, and I saw the joyous love in their eyes, I envied them. I thought of the woman with the pedigreed poodle and for her there was nothing in my heart but pity. Unfortunate one—she would never know life's greatest blessing—motherhood.

THE SOCIAL BARNACLE.

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Tuesday, Dec. 19.

THE most unhappy woman I ever knew was married to a man whom I shall call, for lack of a better name, "the social barnacle."

He was the descendant of an aristocratic old family, and, upon the death of his father, had been left with a few debts and fewer prospects. Perhaps it was the fault of his parents, who had brought him up with the idea that the world owed him a living. At any rate, he landed hopelessly upon his relatives who were in better circumstances and his hosts of friends.

As he was very good looking, suave and possessed of faultless manners, his name was almost first upon the list of the hostesses for their house parties, tea and dinner parties. With no income, he practically lived upon the bounty of his friends—always welcome, because his even-tempered disposition had made him an asset instead of a liability.

When there was a homely girl invited to a party, the hostess could depend upon the Barnacle to pay her every attention—that is, if she were a girl of money or position.

He sang very well; he always knew the latest stories to tell; his taste in

decorating was exquisite; he played a very good game of bridge and was sportsman enough to be entertaining on the golf links or at skating carnivals.

Once a man who knew him very well asked him if he did not feel humiliated by his position. But he only smiled, answering:

"You are a broker, a worker. There are few of your friends whom you do not use to advantage. In fact, it is through their influence that you have acquired most of your patronage. Perhaps you did not enjoy their homes but you cultivated their acquaintances and friends—for business reasons. You make them pay for your pleasures—perhaps in a different way than mine, but, after all, unfitted for the activities of business, my social service has become my vocation.

"I do not accept and give nothing in return. In fact I pay even more than you—I give of myself. To be always agreeable and entertaining is a profession. That is the way I earn my living—a more interesting, though less profitable, way to me than grub-staking on Wall street."

Perhaps his friends saw his point of

view, but at the same time they could not appreciate it. This type of man to most of us is to be pitied rather than despised. Sometimes these men who are admitted into the most exclusive circles are paid well by the clique of the parvenues to direct them socially, and in these circles the young man is looked upon as particularly eligible. To a young girl it is romantic to be whirled in a dance by one who has waltzed with the most exclusive aristocrats in America.

It was at one of these newly rich parties that the Barnacle fell seriously in love for the first time in his life, with the daughter of plebian tradespeople. Her father, a sane, sensible business man, opposed her marriage to the social parasite, but her mother, thrilled by the idea that her daughter—through the influence of her husband—could climb slowly to a higher strata of society, urged the marriage.

The girl herself dared not analyze her feelings—her mother's influence was strong upon her and the desire to push beyond her own limited circle, goaded her on.

At first the father, hoping against hope that his son-in-law, if he were given the opportunity, would show a disposition to work, tried in vain to make a position for him, while the society women, piqued by their protege's ill-favored match, barred him from their homes.

The following year the father's business failed and the Barnacle and his wife were left entirely to their own resources. Perhaps out of pity—perhaps because they always felt the need of him—society again opened its gilded arms to the young couple. Once more he danced, played and entertained his way into favor. Coolly the tradespeople's daughter was accepted, and never in my life have I met a more unhappy girl than she.

Years have gone by and day in and day out, they drag themselves from one home to another, depending upon the bounty of the host or hostess for the food (which in her bitterness has become gall to her) for the beautiful gowns which are given to her in veiled charity and for the pleasures of the rich which soon pall upon the soher-minded.

She no longer is young, fresh and pretty. She is getting old, faded and jaded. She is no longer a flesh-and-blood woman but a marionette, waltzing for the piper who demands a payment for the dance.

I do not know of anyone in the world so unhappy as the class of people who live thus by their wits—the social parasites.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1916.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE PLUMAGE OF THE CROW.

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Wednesday, Dec. 20.

ALICE Nielson, the well known star of light opera, who scored a success at the Metropolitan Opera house several seasons ago, introduced me the other evening to one of the most charming women I have ever met.

Physically, one would call her very unattractive. She was rather short, with square shoulders, a heavy, ponderous physique—a woman not 30 years old, who looked at least 40.

But she had that strange magnetism which makes some homely women almost beautiful in our eyes after we see beyond the irregularity of their features. I studied her, noticing that the only prepossessing thing about her was her great, sympathetic, dark eyes—the windows of her soul.

After she left I turned to Miss Nielson.

"There is something so ineffably sad about her. Has she had a very unhappy life?"

Miss Nielson nodded.

"She has always been conscious that she is an ugly duckling. In fact, among the profession she is called 'the crow with the nightingale's song.' Now her tones have the quality of a Schumann-Heincke, but unfortunately, until the last few seasons her personality did not reach across the footlights. The audience, though impressed by her voice, spoke only of her unfortunate homeliness which accentuated the rather soulless quality of her singing.

"When a motherless little girl she was abandoned by her father and sent to an orphanage. From the orphanage she was adopted by the wife of a singing teacher whose husband had been impressed by the quality of the child's voice.

"At 18, when the time came and they felt she must study abroad, the old singing master called upon the Nightingale's voice sang at a musical. Never has a voice so thrilled an audience as that song which came from the depths of a breaking heart. Perhaps it is true that the knowledge of the hopelessness of love has given to the world the greatest genius."

ness. At that age she was particularly unattractive—eighteen, raw-boned and awkward.

"Each year for five years, when business took him to Paris, he called upon her and listened to the compliments of the masters who were instructing her. So grateful was she for his many kindnesses that she concentrated all her efforts upon her study, hoping to make a success so she could repay him.

"And as the years crept along, she fell in love with him. Although she did not dare to believe that he could ever care for her. Still in every woman's heart when she loves, she dreams only of the ultimate consummation of her romance.

"That winter, the singer returned to this country, and in his loneliness, he enjoyed the sweetness of her comradeship.

"Unknown to her, in America, he loved a girl whose position was so far above his that he dared only to dream.

"One evening, when they were alone, he spoke tenderly of his love. For one mad moment she believed his confession was meant for her, and as he reached over, closing his hand over her trembling one, she lived a cycle of ecstasy. And then he told her about the young girl—beautiful and accomplished.

"A few weeks later, at a private musical, she was introduced to the girl, and though her heart was breaking, she cultivated her friendship, building up to that moment when she would have a chance to tell the girl of the man's silent love for her.

"In spite of our poignant suffering, the knowledge that we can bring pleasure to those whom we love makes us even willing to sacrifice ourselves—such was her thrill of pleasure when she could take to him an acknowledgement from the girl's own lips that she cared for him.

"Last Christmas eve a baby was born to the young couple and on Christmas eve the 'crow with the nightingale's voice' sang at a musical. Never has a voice so thrilled an audience as that song which came from the depths of a breaking heart. Perhaps it is true that the knowledge of the hopelessness of love has given to the world the greatest genius."

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

TEMPERAMENT.

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Thursday, December 21. The other morning I remarked about Alice Brady's effervescent good humor. "Do you ever get temperamental?" I asked her.

"Only lazy people can afford to be temperamental," she replied. "I never have time for it. When we work every day from 8 until 6, we cannot lose one of the golden hours by allowing ourselves to sulk or become moody."

Talking about temperament reminded me of a whimsical actress who played in Mr. Belasco's company, "The Good Little Devil," who confessed that from the time she was a little girl, she had been petted and spoiled by her parents.

"Martha is a very unusual child," her mother had always apologized to her friends. "You see, she inherits the artistic temperament from her father."

When Martha was upset, she would fly into the wildest and most uncontrollable tantrums.

"I am so temperamental," she learned to say as she grew a little bit older, and her mother always echoed her excuses. When Martha was old enough to go to school, her doting, foolish parents cautioned the teachers to be kind to her. Again the fatal word of temperament was given her as a crutch to lean on. Consequently, when the unhappy moods came on, the teacher, instead of censuring her and making her understand that poise is the greatest asset to happiness, sympathized with Martha and scolded the other children who dared to antagonize her.

At eighteen she was a girl who had scattered all her forces and although she was endowed by Nature with beauty and brains, her disposition marred her personality.

At nineteen she went on the stage and would have been very successful had it not been for her ugly outbursts of temper, which managers at first forgave because of her youth and then later would not tolerate because no management can afford a disorganizer in the company.

At twenty she married a nice, clean-cut, happy-go-lucky business man. And what a life she led him! For two years she retired from the stage. Her violent fits of temper at first amused him and he apologized to his friends, explaining that she was super-sensitive and so very high-strung.

"She is artistic to her finger tips," he explained protectively. "I am the one to be blamed. . . . not my wife."

But the months dulled the romance and soon the time came when the man could stand it no longer. He deserted her and after a year she secured a divorce from him. But her beauty and transient sweetness attracted others, and the second time she married, it was to an artist.

"Are you temperamental?" she had asked laughingly one day during their courtship.

"I have a temper," he replied simply, "but I have learned to control it."

A few weeks after their honeymoon she had looked forward to a trip to Japan. The money which her husband expected from a small estate did not arrive in time, so the trip was called off.

Instead of accepting her fate, she wept herself into the most violent hysteria, while all the time her distressed husband looked down upon her with eyes of glowering coals.

The storm passed over—a week went by—then she began to notice traits in her husband she had never dreamed of. At every provocation he lost his temper! In the studio one morning, when she came in, he discovered that his tube of cobalt blue had disappeared. Instead of a sane and careful search for it, he burst into a madman's fury, throwing the palette down upon the floor, kicking the canvas across the room, sweeping everything off the table and hurling some of the paint brushes out of the window.

She was horrified.

"Get out of here!" he ordered, turning upon her. "When I have these temperamental fits, I wish to be left alone!"

Her eyes wide with terror, she stole toward the door. For ten minutes she could hear him in the studio, kicking, swearing, raging, smashing. Then there followed a long, terrifying silence.

That evening at dinner he was in a sullen mood and spoke to her only once—and that was to complain about the dinner, bringing his fists down upon the table so that the dishes rattled noisily.

Not only days but weeks she lived in fear and anxiety. The words of her first husband came back to her—"Some day you will be made to suffer just what you have made me undergo during the hours of your unhappy tempers."

She confided her unhappiness with her artist husband to her friends, and they

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.

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Friday, Dec. 22.

LILLIAN Russell, as beautiful today as she was those yesterday, was telling a group of us the other afternoon at the Ritz-Carlton the secret of eternal youth.

"There are a few rules, so simple that every woman should know them. First come well-regulated hours of sleep; second, everyone should drink at least two or three quarts of water a day. The face, throat and hands should be well cold creamed at night and bathed in the morning with luke-warm water and pure castile soap, then a piece of ice should be rubbed briskly over the complexion. This hardens the cuticle and the cold stimulates the blood and brings a natural glow to the cheeks.

"A little white vaseline should be put on the eyelashes every night. The teeth and hair should be brushed well before retiring.

"Of course these rules do not prevent old age but they are a great boon to the beauty of women."

Kitty Gordon insists that plenty of exercise—walking, swimming and early morning calisthenics before a cold shower—will do away with the cosmetics which so many women are using these days.

Then another actress joined us and told about a young girl she knew who had ruined her eyes by dropping in patent medicines advertised to make the pupils large and the eyes unusually bright.

"At first the girl's shining eyes attracted much attention," she told us, "but anything which is contrary to nature loses its charm by being unnatural.

"This iris of the girl's eyes was a light blue—the medicine dilated the pupil so that her eye gave the starry impression of a painted doll's. The friends of this young girl warned her but she would not listen to them, until one morning she was awakened to a sharp, stinging pain in her temples.

The room was almost in darkness, and not realizing it was daylight, she stumbled to the electric button and switched on the lights. But the darkness still remained. Terrified, she screamed for help, and her mother rushed in, to find her lying in a

swoon upon the floor. She was taken to the hospital where for three weeks a very famous eye specialist fought to save her from blindness.

"Now, for the rest of her life, she has to wear glasses as a penalty for her foolish, unwise vanity."

Lillian Russell then told us of women who had serious operations to remove wrinkles. "Even with the great specialists it is not always safe and they warn women before the operation. Some are very successful and I have known women of fifty who had complexions like young girls of twenty.

"Other women, inspired by a desire for youth, have gone to well-advertised beauty doctors for similar operations. I know three unhappy women whose faces the world never sees except through dark veils, for from forehead to throat, they are a mass of livid scars. The operations were failures."

I spoke of the girl in our company who had spent a summer in the mountains. Returning for the winter season, she was distressed because her fine white skin was sunburned to an ugly tan. A friend recommended a lotion which would remove the outer cuticle and she applied it. In a few days her face was almost raw. One sleepless night she arose and, finding a jar of cold cream, poulticed her face with it. A few moments later she was lying on the floor, almost insensible from the agony, for the cold cream contained an alcoholic perfume which burned her face like hot coals.

Six weeks passed and the new cuticle had grown. Her complexion was the color of a rose petal and her skin almost as soft as a baby's. But the first time she stepped out of the house into the stinging wind, she noticed mottled spots appearing on the cuticle. She tanned more easily—soon there were freckles spreading over her nose. On warm days when the color surged into her face, great ugly red blotches appeared. In fact, ever since then she has had one of the homeliest complexions I have ever seen—tan, colorless and spotted.

So Lillian Russell warns all girls against using cosmetics, reddening their gums, enameling their teeth, burnishing or touching up their hair, or eating tablets guaranteed to take off or add flesh. The simple remedies of diet and care, says she, are the only ones effective and harmless.

THE HELL WITHIN.

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Saturday, Dec. 23.

HERE can be so much heaven in life or so much hell," remarked Laurette Taylor the other day. "It is all within ourselves."

I agreed with her.

"Every unhappiness throws a shadow." That was the warning my mother gave me when I was a little girl, so all these years I have been trying only to behold the sunlight.

"How many women are racked by imaginary sorrows or illnesses," Miss Taylor continued, "or have been tortured by fanciful love affairs."

It made me think of the woman who played in Chauncey Olcott's company when I was a little girl. Some one had suggested to her that she had tuberculosis. This suggestion became a bugbear. Through the days and nights she studied herself for symptoms until finally she fevered herself into a belief that she was going to die a lingering death, in spite of the fact that specialists assured her there were no tuberculosis germs in her system. At last, driven half mad by these terrors, she committed suicide.

I also knew a young girl who was very much in love with a handsome, worthless boy whom she had met at college. After his graduation, he asked her to marry him, but with no prospects to offer, the marriage was opposed by her parents. He had left the east and returned to his father's cattle ranch in Nevada, promising her that he would make good and send for her.

For two years she waited; but, though he was faithful with his letters, he seemed hopelessly unable to himself. In spite of opportunities he remained a workman on his father's ranch.

A new suitor courted her, a man that the family had known from the days of his childhood. He was dry, sober, gentle and clever, having already earned for himself an enviable reputation as a chemical engineer. Ever since her high school days the young man had been in love with her. And when there seemed no prospect of her marriage to the boy who had gone to Nevada, he proposed.

Another year went by and, upon the ing of her parents, she was married to the easterner. Two children were born to them, but although she was a devoted wife and mother, I knew the girl was unhappy. She had never shut the image of the other man out of her heart and the memory of her love was what I call "the hell within."

Five years passed.

One evening the husband returned home and told her that in New York

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

he had met the westerner who had come to New York on business.

"I have invited him here," he told his wife, "tonight for dinner."

I happened to be calling that afternoon and never will I forget the glow which was diffused over her cheeks nor the strange, haunted look in her eyes.

"He will be here tonight," she echoed, half audibly.

They invited me to dinner and I accepted the invitation.

He arrived.

Perhaps he saw many changes in her which disappointed him, for in those five unhappy years she had grown older, had lost the sparkle of youth and the fresh beauty which had attracted him, but this I know, when she gazed upon the man whose image had burned a scar in her heart, she was not only disappointed, she was disillusioned!

He had grown big, coarse and red-faced. His eyes were swollen and bleared with drink. His mouth had coarsened. His teeth had yellowed. Five years before he was a boy, now he was a man, aged by dissipation.

It was an uninteresting dinner for us four who were thinking very hard, and saying very little! After dinner the westerner, stifling his yawns, suggested that we go to one of the burlesque shows and from there to the Midnight Follies. "I didn't come here to attend a funeral," he remarked with emphasis.

Then the woman smiled. It was the happiest smile I think I had seen on her face for five years. The westerner had expressed it aptly—it was a funeral! She had buried in her heart forever all the foolish memories which had stolen the happiness that might have been hers if she had only appreciated the splendid man she had married.

Although the husband invited the westerner to his home every time he saw him, the bored one never again accepted the invitation. A few months later, when I visited my friends a few days at Christmas time, I carried away memories of the happiest little household I have ever known. "The house with the heaven within," I called it, as I kissed the contented little wife goodbye.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

A BIG MAN AND A LITTLE JOKE.

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De Wolfe Hopper is a big, jolly, good-natured man of 6 feet 4 inches, who always has a barrel of laughs ready to dole out to his friends. There is ever a delightful fire of wit between Raymond Hitchcock and Mr. Hopper, who lives at our hotel, which we, the audience, enjoy hugely.

Not many days ago Mr. Hopper returned from a trip to Boston. He had much to say about the beauties of the city but from what we could gather was most impressed by the Indian pudding served him at one of the hotels!

"When a man reaches my age," Mr. Hopper remarked with a grandfatherly tone, "he becomes tremendously interested in his three meals a day—in fact, all his joys, sorrows and disappointments seem to hover around what is served him for breakfast, luncheon and dinner."

He described at such poetical length this delectable Indian pudding with its ice cream sauce that it whetted all our appetites and we persuaded Mr. Hopper to write to the clever chef in Boston and secure the recipe.

The recipe arrived. The chef in our hotel, although he regarded it rather superciliously, prepared an enormous dishful the other evening. And here is what happened, according to Mr. Hopper's story.

"All day long I practically starved myself in anticipation of the event. I thought of nothing else, I talked of nothing else. I made my friends' mouths water and had them green with jealousy until I promised them a treat at the supper table. This much accomplished, I proceeded. The head waiter was given orders to serve my particular friends, and to spare my enemies, and to reserve an extra large portion for my enjoyment.

"Unfortunately, I arrived there a little late, just as Raymond Hitchcock was finishing his dinner. Drawing up my chair beside his, I ordered a light repast, then remarked in a mysterious whisper, 'Have you heard any gossip about an Indian pudding?'

"Not a syllable!" replied Raymond Hitchcock.

"I was glad. It afforded me another opportunity of telling the delightful story and indulging in a few moments more of anticipation.

"Raymond Hitchcock was pleased.

"Are you sure you are going to have enough for yourself?" he asked. "I don't want to impose on your good nature."

"Keeping the secret of the extra large portion, I laughed generously, and with a flourish of my hand, gave orders to the waiter.

"There I sat, beaming from ear to ear while I watched him gobble, holding back on my own dessert because I must confess I was a little bit ashamed to admit I had been piggish enough to order two whole portions for myself!"

"Raymond Hitchcock left and I called the waiter over.

"Bring on my pudding," I demanded in the manner of old King Cole.

"Why, you ordered it for Mr. Hitchcock!" the head waiter apologized.

"Of course I ordered it for Mr. Hitchcock. Now bring me mine."

"But that was yours," and the head waiter's eyes grew round and terrified.

"Mine!" and my voice roared across the dining-room until they heard it out in the lobby of the hotel.

"Do you mean to tell me there is no more of that pudding left?"

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

UNDER SUSPICION.

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THREE years ago a celebrated dancer was severely injured by a fall on the stage. For many seasons she and her husband had not only been popular Broadway stars, but favorites in London and Paris.

They were a happily married couple, very much in love with each other, and had worked as dancing partners for years, climbing slowly the steep and tottering ladder of success.

In all of their athletic dances it was always necessary for them to put resin on their hands to keep from slipping out of each other's clasp.

One evening she had stopped to gossip with an actress in her dressing room and had been given her cue before she was entirely ready for it. Frightened lest she keep them waiting, she hurried out without taking time to apply the resin.

"It is a dangerous thing," the actress warned her. "You might be hurt."

"Before we make our entrance I will tell him to be careful."

But as the dancer was two minutes late, the stage manager had sent the husband on to do a few steps by himself, so when the wife whirled upon the stage into the arms of her husband she did not have an opportunity to caution him.

You can imagine the cry wrung from the audience when in one of the mad dervish measures she slipped from his grasp, lost her balance, spun across the stage and fell unconscious to the floor. They carried her into her dressing room, from the dressing room to the hospital, and it was months before she was taken to her own home.

That was three years ago. Ever since then she has been sitting in an invalid chair, a cripple, her spine severely injured in the fall.

The husband, in spite of his tender devotion, sometimes grew discouraged. The temptations in the gay world of the theatre were many. These last two years his dancing partner was a little girl who had come from the west, sweet and fresh as a daisy. Professionals whispered, and always eager for an amusing bit of gossip the public kept its Cyclopean eye upon the couple.

We do not doubt for a minute that propinquity has a lot to do with the romance of the world, so they prophesied an affair between the young girl and the lonely, unhappy man.

One day two of the tale bearers who make it their business to see there is very little happiness existing in the world, went out of their way to call upon the invalid wife. And in the course of their conversation they managed to let her read between the lines what the human newspapers were publishing in regard to the dawning romance between her husband and his little dancing partner.

I stopped neither to listen nor explain, for what would have been the use? There are always people in this world who enjoy believing the worst?

The wife said nothing. She just bided her time and watched them.

She invited the little dancer to her house and studied her every move.

One evening, through an open door she saw them sitting before the fireplace close together, the girl's hand on her husband's. The girl was crying and the man's arm stole around her, drawing her head to his shoulder.

That evening, when the husband crept in to kiss his wife good night, he found her white-faced, but brave. She told him all she knew of the love between the young woman and himself. At first he could not answer.

"I will give you your freedom," she insisted, stroking his hair very gently as he knelt beside her. But he only looked into her eyes and drew her hand to his lips, kissing it with passionate tenderness.

"You are the only woman I have ever loved," he told her.

The following morning the little girl came to the wife with a happy smile on her face and a glow in her eyes that had never been there before.

She showed the wife a telegram from the westerner who had been in love with her before she came careering to New York.

"We are to be married," she cried ecstatically, "as soon as he arrives in New York."

"But my husband?" the wife replied. "I thought you cared for him!"

The girl laughed.

"I do care for him, just as I care for you. I did not want to disturb you with my little troubles until they turned for the best, but all these months, ever since the day I quarreled with this man whom I loved, your husband has been helping me bear up under the sorrow. It was he who wrote to the man out west explaining everything—it was he who kept my spirits from breaking and it was his story of your happy married life which made me realize how miserable I would be if I ever discarded a real love."

The other afternoon I met the husband on the street and he stopped me joyously to tell me that a wonderful specialist from Berlin has taken his wife's case in charge and prophesies an ultimate recovery.

After this news, I remembered to ask about the little dancer, the wife's best friend.

"I have just left them," he said.

"The little dancer and her adoring husband brought the baby out. Now, I am giving her a dose of her own medicine. It seems as though we sensitive people have to suffer more than anyone else."

Even as she said this, tears of self-pity began welling into her eyes.

That the little woman was hurt I could tell by the pained expression in her eyes as she turned and walked away from me.

"He's a charming fellow," one of them remarked, "but isn't it a shame that he neglected his wife so dreadfully. I suppose you've heard the gossip about the little dancer?"

I stopped neither to listen nor explain, for what would have been the use? There are always people in this world who enjoy believing the worst?

The wife said nothing. She just bided her time and watched them.

Edna W.—The Scotch story we have been producing at Marblehead has not been released yet, but you will be able to see it shortly. The story appears in the December issue of Photoplay.

MARY PICKFORD.

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

SUPER-SENSITIVENESS.

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There is a very attractive young girl who is well known in the professional world as one of the most beautiful stars of musical comedy. She is a natural blonde, her features are exquisitely carved and she has a tall, lithe figure which bends and sways like a wind-blown reed.

Men came into her life but they went away sooner than she would have had them. Beautiful, she courts admiration and attention, but men soon tire of a girl who is not companionable and generous-minded.

In these past two or three years there has been a radical change in her appearance. She has lost that sweet wholesomeness which made her so attractive, and disappointed, critical, unhappy lines are traced upon her face. There is a restless, suspicious look in her eyes which steals from them their beauty.

"I am so histrionic and sensitive," she confided to me one day. Remembering a little incident of the night before, I replied:

"You are foolishly super-sensitive. I do not know any better way to make one's friends unhappy than by letting your imagination trick you into believing that unless you are the center of interest, your friends are neglecting you."

She looked at me rather sharply and I know she was hurt because for two or three days, when she passed me in the lobby of the hotel, she averted her glance so as not to meet mine.

One afternoon a very dear friend of hers whose mind was distraught by unhappy news she had received in one of her home letters, passed this young actress by. Both were in a hurry. The musical comedy star waved merrily, but the friend, with the ache in her heart and a far-away look in her eyes, only smiled rather wistfully.

That evening they met again and in her distress the girl who had received the news from home turned to her best friend for consolation. Knowing she was on her way that afternoon to rehearsal she hadn't stopped her, wishing to spare her the burden of another's sorrow.

When they met the little woman hurried forward, all hope for the cheer and sympathy she expected from her friend. But the friend looked at her coldly, turned on her heel and walked away.

"Why, what is the matter?" we asked astounded.

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"This afternoon she deliberately snubbed me for some reason or other, and all through rehearsal I cried my eyes out. Now, I am giving her a dose of her own medicine. It seems as though we sensitive people have to suffer more than anyone else."

Even as she said this, tears of self-pity began welling into her eyes.

That the little woman was hurt I could tell by the pained expression in her eyes as she turned and walked away from me.

"It was not until days later that the young girl found out her mistake, but this did not teach her a lesson.

With her imagination working overtime, she always looked upon the dullest side of everything. Nothing was bright and gay, nothing was true and sincere, everyone was false, until finally she came to believe there was no such thing as a real friendship.

In her feverish desire not to have her feelings wounded, she trampled upon the hearts of others, like one walking heed-

MARY PICKFORD.

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

FOOLISH GIRLS AND WISE ONES.

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AS I have often said, the colorful life of the theatre stimulates romance, but there is just as much dross as there is gold in the balance when weighed.

It is beautiful to have ideals, to keep our minds from all sordidness, but at the same time, the level headed girl who has been well advised by her mother or those nearest and dearest to her makes the happiest and most successful woman.

In the courts there is now a divorce case between a young couple who have been married scarcely a year. She was a pretty society girl, the daughter of very wealthy parents, while he was a handsome, reckless, sophisticated young actor.

The father of the girl was too busy on Wall street to watch very closely his daughter's development. The mother unfortunately was one of those silly, foolish, romantic women who had never been able to realize her own ideals of happiness and lived vicariously through her daughter.

Born in a very strict New England family, the mother had enjoyed no freedom of affairs of the heart until she met the girl's father, a sober, steady business man, 15 years older than she. He was a great friend of her father's and so the match had been really arranged between the parents. She respected this older man, but she had dreamed of a more romantic marriage. However, when no other young man came courting, she accepted this friend of the family and they were married.

Now that her daughter was 17, the mother remembered the emptiness of her youth and determined that her child should not be martyred by what the world calls a sensible marriage. Her own mother had taught her, wisely and sanely, life's pitfalls, but this young girl had been kept in ignorance of everything except the laws governing the heart. She had been allowed to read foolish, sentimental novels, her mother had always taken her to emotional dramas, in fact, she had been guarded for those 17 years and had grown up like a hothouse orchid.

At a semi-Bohemian tea, the young girl had met the handsome actor. Her mother, foolishly impressed by his good looks and his suave, Chesterfieldian manners, had not discouraged his attentions to her daughter. When the news reached the father he, infuriated, ordered the young man out of the house.

"She is only 17," he told his wife, angrily. "You must get these foolish, romantic ideas out of her head."

But the mother did not reply. She had her own opinions on the subject. And the young girl, like countless thousands of other young girls discovered the moment there was any opposition, that her love interest was stimulated.

Day after day in secret these two were meeting each other while the mother stood guard over them and kept a watchful eye upon the father.

One evening at supper time the young girl did not appear and the maid brought in a note to her mother. It was a little scribbled farewell. She and the young actor had eloped and were going to be married. The father's heart was broken, but the mother was secretly pleased. Her daughter could really live and enjoy the romance which she had been denied in her youth.

"But she is not 18," the father stormed, "I will have the marriage annulled."

The mother suppressed her smile.

"You were so busy on Wall street yesterday that you forgot it was your daughter's birthday. She has been 18 for 24 hours and there is nothing you can do."

The mother hovered over the young couple, settling them in their pretty little nest, denying them no luxuries but finding no balm for the unhappiness of her daughter, who, disillusioned by her husband's character, found out too late the mistake she had made in this unwise and ill-considered marriage.

He drank, he dissipated, he made demands upon his wife's father for money, he brought his carousals into his own home, until his wife barred the doors against him.

"If we had only known," the mother cried hysterically. "Why didn't someone tell us before it was too late?"

The father looked at her grimly.

"Several did try, but you closed your ears to them."

The wise mother prepares her daughter for the crowning event of her life—marriage. A foolish mother feeds her upon ideals.

A few days ago a well known author told me he was going to make a moving picture scenario out of this story. He told me it would be very helpful to him if my readers would write to me on this subject. Letters from mothers are always interesting.

What is your idea about the bringing up of your daughter? Do you believe in keeping her absolutely ignorant of the fundamentals of life or do you advise frankness?

Daily Talks by Mary Pickford

THE WOMAN HOLDS THE PURSE STRINGS.

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When a famous star whom you all know married a broad-shouldered, good-looking son of an aristocratic Southern family, the romantic world breathed a long, satisfied sigh. For, after all, there is nothing we enjoy more than the romance of others, especially of the people whom we know and love over the footlights.

"Will she retire from the stage?" was the first question the public asked, afraid she might follow the example of many others and give up her career. For though we like to hear that our favorites are happy with beautiful children in their arms, at the same time we are selfish and are loath to let them drift out of our own pleasure lives. And this actress is one whom you all love very dearly.

Knowing her for many years, I was perhaps one of the first she told of her heart's longing. It was to live only for her husband and the children she dreamed would bring more happiness than the applause of a thousand audiences.

She had married the man she loved—she had accepted him without making any demands—she knew that he had neither a fine position nor prospects, but had spent an idle lifetime living on a very small income from a Southern plantation which was rapidly falling into decay. In fact, his monthly income was only half as large as her weekly salary, but he was young and she had great faith in him.

When a woman loves a man, she is always confident he can conquer worlds for her. He is her protector, she looks up to him, and her own thoughts of success are merged into her desire for his achievement.

But the months went by and this handsome, indolent husband made no effort to work for her, fight for her, or even to protect her. He lived comfortably in her beautiful apartment, enjoyed the luxury of her cars and the servants she provided, and entertained his friends liberally with the money made by his wife.

So in love was she that at first she regarded it only as a divine pleasure to be in a position to shower upon the one she cared for her few worldly goods.

But after a while her pride was hurt; she saw her friends whispering behind their hands and their sympathetic, furtive glances followed her when she was forced to leave her own drawing-room and return to the theater to work. In her absence the charming, fascinating husband entertained them.

He was always gallant, always conversationally emotional and affectionate, but two years went by and never was there a mention of his seeking a position whereby he could support her or even provide for himself.

When a woman loses faith in the man she loves, she either accepts her position of martyrdom and toils faithfully, or else she suffers keenly and becomes bitter because of her disillusionment.

The latter was the case with this actress you and I know so well.

First the gossipy items, always looking for rents in the wedding veil, hinted at the wife's disappointment, suggesting that the young husband, waxing fat and unattractive upon the proceeds from his wife's career, had been seen abroad during her working hours with other women.

When the wife's best friends whispered the story in her ear, she turned them away.

"I was twenty-five when I married," came her quiet reply. "The girl of sixteen does not understand the significance of choosing her mate, but when a business or professional woman, who has passed that foolish age, chooses a man whose attractions are superficial, she must pay."

They are still living together and we meet everywhere—at the dances, the clubs or on the opening nights of the new plays. The actress has given up the stage for a while and has gone into pictures.

The husband, the true aristocrat, felt the humiliation keenly. He knew nothing of studio life but decided it was a little bit below the standard his wife had established for herself on the stage.

His arrogant manner at the studio when he visited his wife antagonized the company she was working with. Once more the wife was humbled by the position he placed her in.

I was with her one afternoon when three men, busy workers of the stage, were gossiping together, unconscious she was within hearing distance.

"I pity the woman who has to live with

DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

THE STORY OF A DOG.

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THE whole world loves everything that is young—babies, puppies, kittens, birdlings, colts and calves!

Mr. Griffith was one of the first directors who appreciated this appeal and in our earliest pictures he surrounded his stars with those natural little actors.

Arthur Johnson, who was one of the dearest and kindest men I ever knew, was very fond of animals, especially of dogs. He had a favorite collie, a beautiful, gentle creature, who followed close at his heels wherever he went.

One afternoon, when the dark, heavy clouds prophesying rain hung low in the skies, Mr. Griffith dismissed us early. Most of us sat around the studio sewing on our costumes for the next picture, for these were the days when we enjoyed our petty economies and the studio was one contented family, each eager to help the other.

"Where are you going?" we called to Arthur Johnson, as he, followed by his dog, sauntered forth through the studio gates.

"Just for a little walk," he called, waving goodbye to us.

That evening we had invited him to our home for dinner. We waited until 7:30 before we sat down at the table without him. There had been no telephone call but we were not particularly worried. He was a dreamer, was Arthur Johnson, and one who used to roam the hills and meadows, oblivious to the passing of time.

All that evening we expected a call from him, but not a word.

"It hardly seems possible he would forget his engagement," mother laughed, when he knew I was making hot biscuits especially for him!"

It was almost noon next day at the studio before we who were plunged in our work noticed that Arthur Johnson had not returned. His dressing-room was still locked and the doorman had not seen him enter the studio.

Frightened, I telephoned to the hotel where he was living, and was told by the clerk that Mr. Johnson had not spent the night there.

"Which direction did he take?" we asked breathless of the two men who had seen him depart.

"He spoke of walking into the hills," the men replied, "to gather holly berries."

We organized a searching party and were just starting out when Arthur Johnson's collie came running down the road. His feet were bleeding, his

fur was torn by barb-wire fences, there were drops of blood on his tongue which lolled out of his mouth and he seemed suffering from thirst and hunger.

Without paying any attention to us, he rushed to a trough in the studio and sunk his snout deep into the water. Then, refreshed, he started back, stopping every few feet to bark at us as if he were trying to tell us to follow him.

Three of the boys, afraid that Arthur Johnson had been hurt, started out, following the collie. Several miles in the mountains they came upon him. In climbing a mountain his feet had slipped, he had lost his balance and rolled to the edge of one of the steep precipices. To save himself he had grabbed hold of several small manzanita bushes, but they had been torn from their roots by his great weight and he had been hurled over the cliff.

There had been no bones broken but his ankles were badly sprained and in the falling he had struck his head upon a rock which had knocked him unconscious.

All night long the collie had remained by his side, watching over him, howling, barking for assistance and guarding his master. At dawn, Arthur Johnson, becoming conscious, had tried to crawl down the mountain side, exhausted from the exposure, he had found it impossible.

"Go after them, Carlo," he ordered the dog, who looked at him knowingly, terrified, as if afraid to leave him to the mercy of the wilds. He put his arm around the dog's neck and patted his head. "Go after them, Carlo!"

The dog turned and started out on a dead pace down the mountain side, through the bush, over the barb wire fences, until he reached the studio.

A few months later the dog was killed in one of the battle scenes. He had been tied in the studio yard so he could not follow Arthur Johnson, but had gnawed the rope away and with a joyous yelp had plunged right into the middle of the scene of activity searching for his master.

At that moment Mr. Griffith had called "Charge!" to the mob portraying civil war soldiers and they had rushed forward with Arthur Johnson at their head. The collie, believing Arthur was pursued by this screaming, howling mob of men, rushed upon them with a terrible cry, sinking his teeth in the arm of the man nearest his master. To protect himself the man struck the dog over the head such a blow he never regained consciousness.

"I have lost my best friend," Arthur Johnson lamented, as he carried the body of the dog off the battlefield.